

THE ONTARIO READERS

THIRD BOOK



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Toronto. May. 1909.

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Empire Day

Iwant you to remember what Empire Day means. Empire Day is the festival on which every British subject should reverently remember that the British Empire stands out before the whole world as the fearless champion of freedom, fair play and equal rights; that its watchwords are responsibility, duty, sympathy and self-sacrifice, and that a special responsibility rests with you individually to be true to the traditions and to the mission of your race.

I also want you to remember that one day Canada will become, if her people are faithful to their high British traditions, the most powerful of all the self-governing nations, not excluding the people of the United Kingdom, which make up the British Empire, and that it rests with each one of you individually to do your utmost by your own conduct and example to make Canada not only the most powerful, but the noblest of all the self-governing nations that are proud to owe allegiance to the King.

—Earl Grey,
Governor-General of Canada

THIRD READER

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born ;
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did ;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day ;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away ?

CARLYLE

FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR

ONE day a ragged beggar was creeping along from house to house. He carried an old wallet in his hand, and was asking at every door for a few cents to buy something to eat. As he was grumbling at his lot, he kept wondering why it was that folks who had so much money were never satisfied but were always wanting more.

“Here,” said he, “is the master of this house—I know him well. He was always a good business man, and he made himself wondrously rich a long time ago. Had he been wise he would have stopped then. He would have turned over his business to some one else, and then he could have spent the rest of his life in ease. But what did he do instead? He built ships and sent them to sea to trade with foreign lands. He thought he would get mountains of gold.

“But there were great storms on the water; his ships were wrecked, and his riches were swallowed up by the waves. Now all his hopes lie at the bottom of the sea, and his great wealth has vanished.

“There are many such cases. Men seem to be never satisfied unless they gain the whole world.

“As for me, if I had only enough to eat and to wear I would not want anything more.”

Just at that moment Fortune came down the street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him :

“Listen! I have long wished to help you. Hold your wallet and I will pour this gold into it, but only on this condition: all that falls into the wallet shall be pure gold; but every piece that falls upon the ground shall become dust. Do you understand?”

“Oh, yes, I understand,” said the beggar.

“Then have a care,” said Fortune. “Your wallet is old, so do not load it too heavily.”

The beggar was so glad that he could hardly wait. He quickly opened his wallet, and a stream of yellow dollars poured into it. The wallet grew heavy.

“Is that enough?” asked Fortune.

“Not yet.”

“Isn’t it cracking?”

“Never fear.”

The beggar’s hands began to tremble. Ah, if the golden stream would only pour forever!

“You are the richest man in the world now!”

“Just a little more, add just a handful or two.”

“There, it’s full. The wallet will burst.”

“But it will hold a little, just a little more!”

Another piece was added, and the wallet split. The treasure fell upon the ground and was turned to dust. Fortune had vanished. The beggar had now nothing but his empty wallet, and it was torn from top to bottom. He was as poor as before.

IVAN KIRLOFF

THE LARK AND THE ROOK

“Good-night, Sir Rook!” said a little lark,
“The daylight fades; it will soon be dark;
I’ve bathed my wings in the sun’s last ray;
I’ve sung my hymn to the parting day;
So now I haste to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow—good-night, Sir Rook!”

“Good-night, poor Lark,” said his titled friend
With a haughty toss and a distant bend;
“I also go to my rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground.
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine tree.

“I opened my eyes at peep of day
And saw you taking your upward way,

Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams ;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard ;
And I said to myself: ' What a foolish bird ! '

" I trod the park with a princely air,
I filled my crop with the richest fare ;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you !
The sun shone forth on my ebon wing ;
I looked and wondered—good-night, poor
thing ! "

" Good-night, once more," said the lark's sweet
voice,
" I see no cause to repent my choice ;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more sweet than mine ?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy ? "

UNKNOWN

WHAT stronger breast-plate than a heart
untainted ?

Thrice is he armed, that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

SHAKESPEARE

THE PICKWICK CLUB ON THE ICE

"You *skate*, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye-yes; oh, yes," replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I—am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady. A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trund-
dle had got a couple of pair, and the fat boy
announced that there were half-a-dozen more
downstairs, whereat Mr. Winkle expressed ex-
quisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncom-
fortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large
sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller
having shovelled and swept away the snow
which had fallen on it during the night, Mr.
Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity
which to Mr. Winkle seemed perfectly marve-
lous, and described circles with his left leg, and

cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

“Now, then, sir,” said Sam in an encouraging tone; “off with you, and show ‘em how to do it.”

“Stop, Sam, stop,” said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam’s arms with the grasp of a drowning man. “How slippery it is, Sam!”

“Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir,” replied Mr. Weller. “Hold up, sir.”

This last observation of Mr. Weller’s bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet into the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

“These—these—are very awkward skates; ain’t they, Sam?” inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

“I’m afeerd there’s an orkard gen’lm’n in ‘em, sir,” replied Sam.

“Now, Winkle,” cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. “Come, the ladies are all anxiety.”

“Yes, yes,” replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. “I’m coming.”

“Just a goin’ to begin,” said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. “Now, sir, start off.”

“Stop an instant, Sam,” gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. “I find I’ve a couple of coats at home that I don’t want, Sam. You may have them, Sam.”

“Thank’ee sir,” replied Mr. Weller.

“Never mind touching your hat, Sam,” said Mr. Winkle, hastily. “You needn’t take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given

you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

" You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

" Just hold me at first, Sam ; will you ?" said Mr. Winkle. " There—that's right. I shall soon get into the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam ; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank—

" Sam !"

" Sir ?" said Mr. Weller.

" Here. I want you."

" Let go, sir," said Sam. " Don't you hear the governor a-callin' ? Let go, sir !"

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian ; and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled

beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

“Are you hurt?” inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

“Not much,” said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

“I wish you’d let me bleed you,” said Mr. Benjamin with great eagerness.

“No, thank you,” replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

“I really think you had better,” said Allen.

“Thank you,” replied Mr. Winkle, “I’d rather not.”

“What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?” inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice:

“Take his skates off.”

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.



H. M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA

“Lift him up,” said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone these remarkable words:

“You’re a humbug, sir.”

“A what?” said Mr. Winkle, starting.

“A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir.”

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

DICKENS : “The Pickwick Papers.”

TUBAL CAIN

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung:
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang—“Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!

Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord !”

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire ;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee ;
And they gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—“ Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true !”

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun ;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done :
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, “ Alas ! that I ever made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man !”

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—"Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air ;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel
made,"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands ;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the
wall,
And ploughed the willing lands :
And sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain !
Our staunch good friend is he ;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord ;
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

CHARLES MACKAY

PROFESSOR FROG'S LECTURE

BOBBY was not quite sure that he was awake, but when he opened his eyes there was the blue sky, with the soft, white clouds drifting across it, the big pine waving its spicy branches over his head, and beyond, the glint of sunshine on the waters of the pond. Presently Bobby heard voices talking softly.

"This is a good specimen," said one voice.
"See how stout and strong he looks!"

"I wonder who that is, and what he has found," thought Bobby. "I wish it wasn't such hard work to keep my eyes open." He made a great effort, however, and raised his heavy lids. At first he could see nothing. Then he caught a glimpse of a mossy log, with a row of frogs and toads sitting upon it. They were looking solemnly at him. Bobby felt a little uncomfortable under that steady gaze.

"The toads are making their spring visit to the pond to lay their eggs," thought the boy.
"I forgot that they were due this week."

"He must have done a good deal of mischief in his day," said an old bull-frog, gravely. A chill crept over Bobby. "In his day."—What did that mean?

A toad hopped out from the line and came so close to Bobby that he could have touched her but for the strange spell which held him fast.

"Yes," said she; "this is one of the species. We are very fortunate to have caught him. Now we shall be ready to listen to Professor Rana's remarks."

Still Bobby could not move. What were they going to do? In a moment there was a rustling among the dry leaves and dozens of frogs and toads were seen hurrying towards the pine tree. Among them was a ponderous frog, carrying a roll of manuscript under his arm. He wore huge goggles, and looked so wise that Bobby did not dare to laugh.

"I am very sleepy," murmured a portly toad near Bobby's left ear. "I laid over eight thousand eggs last night, and I have a long journey before me. But I must stay to hear this. We may never have such a chance again."

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the professor, in a sonorous tone that was easily heard for several feet, "this is a specimen of the creature known to us as the human tadpole. You will kindly observe his long legs. They were doubtless given to him for the purpose of protection. Being possessed of a most mischievous and

reckless spirit, the species is always getting into difficulties, and would probably become extinct if it had not the power to run away."

"Nonsense!" said Bobby under his breath. There was a murmur of interest and curiosity among the crowd. Bobby felt his legs twitch nervously, but his power over them was gone.

"Otherwise," went on the lecturer, "he is not at all adapted to his surroundings. Observe how carefully we are dressed. The frogs have the green and brown tints of their homes by the water side. The toads look like lumps of dirt, so that they may not be too readily snapped up by birds of prey. But the Boy—to call him by his scientific name—has no such protection. Look at this red shirt and these white trousers, and this hat as big as a trout pool! Could anything be more ridiculous? Even a giraffe does not look so absurd as this."

A red flush mounted to Bobby's freckled cheeks, but this time he did not try to speak.

"Now," said the professor, "as far as we have been able to learn, the human tadpole is absolutely useless. We are therefore doing no harm in experimenting upon this specimen. There are plenty of them, and this one will not be a serious loss."

"Stop!" said Bobby, so unexpectedly that everybody jumped. "What are you going to do with me?"

"You will be so kind as to lie still," said the professor severely. "At present you are only a specimen."

There was no help for it. Bobby found it impossible to move hand or foot. He could wriggle a little,—but that was all.

"Not only is the Boy entirely useless," went on the professor, "but he is often what might be called a pest, even to his own kind. He is endured in the world for what he may become when he is full-grown, and even then he is sometimes disappointing. You are familiar with many of his objectionable ways towards the animal world, but I am sure you would be surprised if you knew what a care and trouble he frequently is to his own people. He can be trusted to do few kinds of work. It is difficult to keep him clean. He doesn't know how to get his own dinner. He has a genius for making weaker things miserable. He likes fishing, and he longs for a gun; he collects birds' eggs; he puts butterflies on pins; he teases his little sisters."

“Why isn’t the species exterminated?” asked another frog angrily.

Then the toad near Bobby’s ear spoke timidly: “I think you are a little unjust, Professor. I have known boys who were comparatively harmless.”

“It is true there may be a few, Mrs. Bufo,” said the professor with great politeness, “but as a class they may be fairly set down as of very doubtful value. Speak up, Tadpole, and say if I have made any false statements so far.”

Bobby fairly shouted in his eagerness to be heard.

“We do work,” he said. “We have to go to school every day.”

“What a help that must be to your parents and to the world at large!” said the frog with sarcasm. “I am surprised that we never see the results of such hard labour. Do you know how useful even our smallest tadpoles are? Without them this pond would be no longer beautiful, but foul and ill-smelling. As for what we do when we are grown up, modesty forbids me to praise the frogs, but you know what a toad is worth to mankind?”

“No,” said Bobby. “About two cents, I guess.” Bobby didn’t intend to be rude. He thought this a liberal valuation.

"Twenty dollars a year, as estimated by the Department of Agriculture!" cried the frog triumphantly. "What do you think of that?"

"I should like to know why," said Bobby, looking as if he thought Professor Rana was making fun of him.

"What are the greatest enemies of mankind?" asked the professor, peering over his goggles at poor Bobby.

"Tigers," said Bobby, promptly; "or wolves."

"Wrong," said the lecturer. "Insects. Insects destroy property on this continent to the amount of over four hundred million dollars annually. Insects destroy the crops upon which man depends for his food. Going to school hasn't made you very wise, has it? Well, the toads are insect destroyers. That's their business. If the State only knew enough to make use of them, millions of dollars might be saved every year. Does it seem to you that the human animal is so clever as it might be, when it allows such numbers of toads to be destroyed?"

"It's a shame!" chimed in a voice from the front seats. "We keep out of the way as much as we can; we eat every kind of troublesome worm and insect,—the cutworm, canker-worm, tent caterpillar, army-worm, rose-beetle, and the

common house-fly; we ask for no wages or food or care,—and what do we get in return? Not even protection and common kindness. If we had places where we could live in safety, who could tell the amount of good we might do? Yet I would not have this poor boy hurt if a word of mine could prevent it."

"This is a scientific meeting," observed the professor: "and benevolent sentiments are quite out of place. We will now proceed to notice the delicate nervous system of the creature. Stand closer, my friends, if you please."

"Nervous system, indeed!" said Bobby. "Boys don't have such silly things as nerves!"

Suddenly Bobby felt a multitude of tiny pin pricks over the entire surface of his body. The suffering was not intense, but the irritation made him squirm and wince. He could not discover the cause of his discomfort, but at the professor's command it suddenly ceased.

"That will do," said the frog. "Each hair on his head is also connected with a nerve. Pull his hair, please!"

"Oh, don't!" said Bobby. "That hurts!"

Nobody listened to him. It did hurt, more than you would think, for tiny hands were pulling each hair separately. When the ordeal

was over Bobby heard a faint noise in the grass as if some very small creatures were scurrying away, but he could see nothing. He was winking his eyes desperately to keep from crying.

"The assistants may go now," said the professor; and the sound of little feet died away in the distance.

"How interesting this is!" murmured a plain-looking toad who had been watching the experiments attentively.

"I think it's mean," protested poor Bobby, "to keep a fellow fastened up like this, and then torment him."

"Does it hurt as much as being skinned, or having your legs cut off?" demanded the professor.

"Or should you prefer to be stepped on, or burned up in a rubbish pile?" asked Mrs. Bufo.

"How should you like to be stoned or kicked, for a change," said another toad sharply.

"Perhaps you would choose a fish-hook in the corner of your mouth," said a voice from the pond.

"Or one run the entire length of your body," came a murmur from the ground under Bobby's head.

“Wait a minute,” said the professor, more gently. “We will give you a chance to defend yourself. It is not customary to inquire into the moral character of specimens, but we do not wish to be unjust. Perhaps you can explain why you made a bonfire the very week after the toads came out of their winter quarters. Dozens of lives were destroyed before that fire was put out.”

“I forgot about the toads,” began Bobby.

“Carelessness!” said the professor. “Now you may tell us why you like to throw stones at us.”

“To see you jump,” said Bobby, honestly.

“Thoughtlessness!” said the professor. “That’s worse.”

“Why do you kick us, instead of lifting us gently when we are in your way?” inquired a toad in a stern voice.

“Because you will give me warts if I touch you,” said Bobby, pleased to think that he had a good reason at last.

“Ignorance!” cried the professor. “The toad is absolutely harmless. It has about it a liquid that might cause pain to a cut finger or a sensitive tissue like that of the mouth or eye, but the old story that a toad is poisonous is a silly fable.”

“ Will you tell me, please,” asked a toad in a plaintive voice, “ if you are the boy who, last year, carried home some of my babies in a tin pail and let them die ? ”

“ I’m afraid I am,” said Bobby, sorrowfully.

“ Do explain why you dislike us ! ” said Mrs. Bufo in such a frank fashion that Bobby felt that he must tell the truth.

“ I suppose it’s your looks,” said the boy, unable to frame his answer in more polite terms.

“ Well, upon my word ! ” interrupted the professor. “ I thought better of a boy than that. So you prefer boys with pretty faces and soft, curling hair, and nice clothes, to those who can climb and jump and who are not afraid of a day’s tramp in the woods.”

“ Of course I don’t,” said indignant Bobby. “ I hate boys who are always thinking about their clothes.”

“ Oh, you do ! ” said the frog. “ Now answer me a few more questions. Have you ever stolen birds’ eggs ? ”

“ Yes,” said truthful Bobby.

“ Have you collected butterflies ? ”

“ Yes,” said Bobby.

“ Have you taken nuts from the squirrels’ cupboards ? ”

“Yes,” said Bobby.

“Do you think we ought to have a very friendly feeling towards you?” went on the questioner.

“No,” said Bobby; “I don’t.”

“We have shown that you are not only useless, but careless and thoughtless and ignorant,” said the frog. “Is there any very good reason why we should let you go?”

Poor Bobby racked his brains to think of something that should appeal to his captors.

“I have a right to live, haven’t I?” he said at last.

“Because you are so pretty?” suggested the professor, and Bobby’s eyes fell with shame.

“Any better right than we have?” came a chorus of voices. Bobby was silent. He felt very helpless and insignificant. There was a long pause. Then the frog professor smiled broadly at Bobby.

“Come,” he said; “I like you. You are not afraid to be honest, and that’s something.”

“If you will let me go,” said Bobby, “I’ll see that the boys don’t hurt you any more.”

“I felt pretty sure that we’d converted you,” said the professor; “and I’m going to let you go back and preach to the heathen, as the grown

people say. You can see for yourself how much harm a boy can do if he doesn't think."

Bobby felt that he was free, and scrambled to his feet, rubbing first one arm and then the other to take the prickly feeling out of them. The frogs had vanished; there was only the blue sky, the waving pine tree and the quiet pond.

"Well!" said Bobby with a long breath of amazement.

"Kerjunk!" came the warning voice of a frog, somewhere near the water's edge.

"Yes sir, I'll remember," said Bobby in the meekest of meek tones.

M. A. L. LANE

A SONG FOR APRIL

LIST! list! The buds confer.
This noonday they've had news of her;
The south bank has had views of her;
The thorn shall exact his dues of her;

The willows adream
By the freshet stream
Shall ask what boon they choose of her.

Up! up! The world's astir;
The would-be green has word of her;

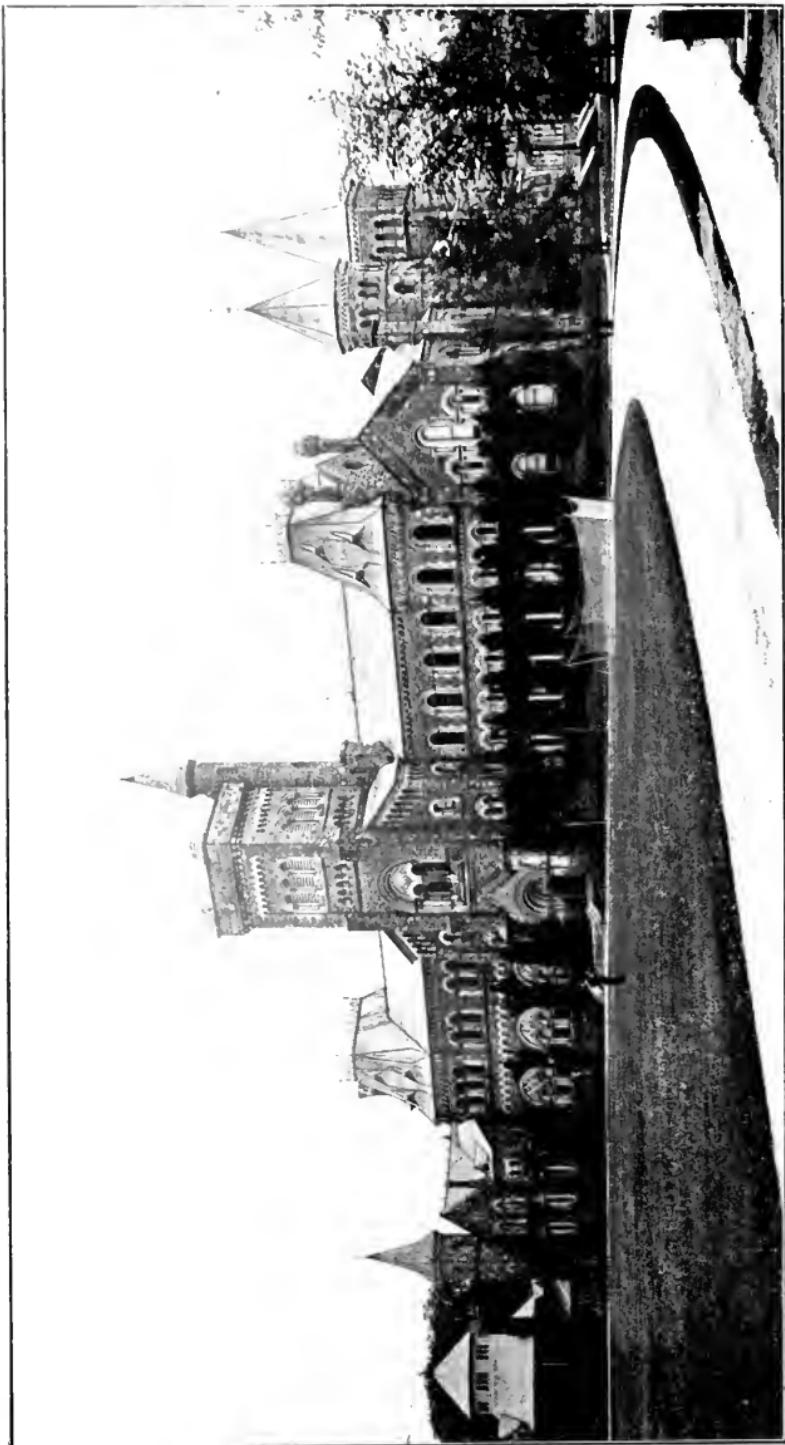
Root and germ have heard of her,
Coming to break
Their sleep and wake
Their hearts with every bird of her.

See ! see ! How swift concur
Sun, wind, and rain at the name of her,
A-wondering what became of her ;
The fields flower at the flame of her ;
The glad air sings
With dancing wings
And the silvery shrill acclaim of her.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

HOW THE CRICKETS BROUGHT GOOD FORTUNE

My friend Jacques went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake which he had fancied in passing. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone, and who could be coaxed to eat only by amusing him. He thought that such a pretty loaf might tempt even the sick. While he waited for his change, a little boy six or eight years old, in poor but perfectly clean clothes, entered the baker's shop.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

“Ma’am,” said he to the baker’s wife, “Mother sent me for a loaf of bread.” The woman took from the shelf a four-pound loaf, the best one she could find, and put it into the arms of the little boy.

My friend Jacques then first observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. It contrasted strongly with the round, open countenance of the large loaf, of which he was taking the greatest care.

“Have you any money?” said the baker’s wife.

The little boy’s eyes grew sad.

“No, ma’am,” said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse; “but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it to-morrow.”

“Run along,” said the good woman; “carry your bread home, child.”

“Thank you, ma’am,” said the poor little fellow.

My friend Jacques came forward for his money. He had put his purchase into his pocket, and was about to go, when he found the child with the big loaf, whom he had supposed to be half-way home, standing stock-still behind him.

"What are you doing there?" said the baker's wife to the child, whom she also had thought to be fairly off. "Don't you like the bread?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" said the child.

"Well, then, carry it to your mother, my little friend. If you wait any longer, she will think you are playing by the way, and you will get a scolding."

The child did not seem to hear. Something else absorbed his attention.

The baker's wife went up to him and gave him a friendly tap on the shoulder. "What are you thinking about?" said she.

"Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is that that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes!" cried the little fellow. "Hear it! Queek, queek, queek, queek!"

My friend and the woman both listened, but they could hear nothing, unless it was the song of the crickets, frequent guests in bakers' houses.

"It is a little bird," said the dear little fellow; "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do?"

"No, indeed, little goosey!" said the baker's wife; "those are crickets. They sing in the

bake-house because we are lighting the oven, and they like to see the fire."

"Crickets!" said the child; "are they really crickets?"

"Yes, to be sure," said she, good-humouredly. The child's face lighted up.

"Ma'am," said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

"A cricket," said the baker's wife, smiling; "what in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend? I would gladly give you all there are in the house, to get rid of them, they run about so."

"O, ma'am, give me one, only one, if you please!" said the child, clasping his little thin hands under the big loaf. "They say that crickets bring good luck into houses; and perhaps if we had one at home, mother, who has so much trouble, wouldn't cry any more."

"Why does your poor mamma cry?" said my friend, who could no longer help joining in the conversation.

"On account of her bills, sir," said the little fellow. "Father is dead, and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all."

My friend took the child, and with him the large loaf, into his arms, and I really believe he kissed them both. Meanwhile the baker's wife, who did not dare to touch a cricket herself, had gone into the bake-house. She made her husband catch four, and put them into a box with holes in the cover, so that they might breathe. She gave the box to the child, who went away perfectly happy.

When he had gone, the baker's wife and my friend gave each other a good squeeze of the hand. "Poor little fellow!" said they both together. Then she took down her account-book, and, finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash all down the page, and then wrote at the bottom, "Paid."

Meanwhile my friend, to lose no time, had put up in paper all the money in his pockets, where fortunately he had quite a sum that day, and had begged the good wife to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket-boy, with her bill receipted, and a note, in which he told her that she had a son who would one day be her pride and joy.

They gave it to a baker's boy with long legs, and told him to make haste. The child, with his

big loaf, his four crickets, and his little short legs, could not run very fast, so that when he reached home, he found his mother, for the first time in many weeks, with her eyes raised from her work, and a smile of peace and happiness upon her lips.

The boy believed that it was the arrival of his four little black things which had worked this miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken. Without the crickets, and his good little heart, would this happy change have taken place in his mother's fortunes?

P. J. STAHL

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

IT was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found :
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by :
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
“ ‘Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
For there’s many here about ;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in that great victory.”

“ Now tell me what ‘twas all about,”
Young Peterkin, he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for. ”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“ That ‘twas a famous victory.

“My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,
And our good prince Eugene.”
“Why ’twas a very wicked thing ! ”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last ? ”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

SOUTHEY

THE RIDE FOR LIFE

Away off towards the swamp, which they were avoiding, the long, heart-chilling cry of a mother wolf quavered on the still night air. In spite of herself, Mrs. Murray shivered, and the boys looked at each other.

"There is only one," said Ranald in a low voice to Don, but they both knew that where the she wolf is there is a pack not far off. "And we will be through the bush in five minutes."

"Come, Ranald! Come away, you can talk to Don any time. Good-night, Don." And so saying she headed her pony toward the clearing and was off at a gallop, and Ranald, shaking his head at his friend, ejaculated :

"Man alive! what do you think of that?" and was off after the pony.

Together they entered the bush. The road was well beaten and the horses were keen to go, so that before many minutes were over they were half through the bush. Ranald's spirits rose and he began to take some interest in his companion's observations upon the beauty of the lights and shadows falling across their path.

“Look at that very dark shadow from the spruce there, Ranald,” she cried, pointing to a deep, black turn in the road. For answer there came from behind them the long, mournful hunting-cry of the wolf. He was on their track. Immediately it was answered by a chorus of howls from the bush on the swamp side, but still far away. There was no need of command; the pony sprang forward with a snort and the colt followed, and after a few minutes’ running, passed her.

“Whow-oo-oo-oo-ow,” rose the long cry of the pursuer, summoning help, and drawing nearer.

“Whw-ee-wow,” came the shorter, sharper answer from the swamp, but much nearer than before and more in front. They were trying to head off their prey.

Ranald tugged at his colt till he got him back with the pony.

“It is a good road,” he said, quietly; “you can let the pony go. I will follow you.” He swung in behind the pony, who was now running for dear life and snorting with terror at every jump.

“God preserve us!” said Ranald to himself. He had caught sight of a dark form as it darted through the gleam of light in front.

"What did you say, Ranald?" The voice was quiet and clear.

"It is a great pony to run," said Ranald, ashamed of himself.

"Is she not?"

Ranald glanced over his shoulder. Down the road, running with silent, awful swiftness, he saw the long, low body of the leading wolf flashing through the bars of moonlight across the road, and the pack following hard.

"Let her go, Mrs. Murray," cried Ranald. "Whip her and never stop." But there was no need; the pony was wild with fear, and was doing her best running.

Ranald meantime was gradually holding in the colt, and the pony drew away rapidly. But as rapidly the wolves were closing in behind him. They were not more than a hundred yards away, and gaining every second. Ranald, remembering the suspicious nature of the brutes, loosened his coat and dropped it on the road; with a chorus of yelps they paused, then threw themselves upon it, and in another minute took up the chase.

But now the clearing was in sight. The pony was far ahead, and Ranald shook out his colt with a yell. He was none too soon, for the pur-

suing pack, now uttering short, shrill yelps, were close at the colt's heels. Lizette, fleet as the wind, could not shake them off. Closer and ever closer they came, snapping and snarling. Ranald could see them over his shoulder. A hundred yards more and he would reach his own back lane. The leader of the pack seemed to feel that his chances were slipping swiftly away. With a spurt he gained upon Lizette, reached the saddle-girths, gathered himself into two short jumps, and sprang for the colt's throat. Instinctively Ranald stood up in his stirrups, and kicking his foot free, caught the wolf under the jaw. The brute fell with a howl under the colt's feet, and next moment they were in the lane and safe.

The savage brutes, discouraged by their leader's fall, slowed down their fierce pursuit, and hearing the deep bay of the Macdonalds' great deer-hound, Bugle, up at the house, they paused, sniffed the air a few minutes, then turned and swiftly and silently slid into the dark shadows. Ranald, knowing that they would hardly dare enter the lane, checked the colt, and wheeling, watched them disappear.

"I'll have some of your hides some day," he cried, shaking his fist after them. He hated to be made to run.

He had hardly set the colt's face homeward when he heard something tearing down the lane to meet him. The colt snorted, swerved, and then dropping his ears, stood still. It was Bugle, and after him came Mrs. Murray on the pony.

"Oh, Ranald :" she panted, "thank God you are safe. I was afraid you—you—" Her voice broke in sobs. Her hood had fallen back from her white face, and her eyes were shining like two stars. She laid her hand on Ranald's arm, and her voice grew steady as she said : "Thank God, my boy, and thank you with all my heart. You risked your life for mine. You are a brave fellow! I can never forget this!"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Ranald, awkwardly. "You are better stuff than I am. You came back with Bugle. And I knew Liz could beat the pony." Then they walked their horses quietly to the stable, and nothing more was said by either of them; but from that hour Ranald had a friend ready to offer life for him, though he did not know it then nor till years afterward.

RALPH CONNOR: "The Man from Glengarry."

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

ST. JOHN, XV. 13

LAGOO, THE BOASTER

AND Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding guests assembled,
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater ;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder ;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had ;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could ;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller !

Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people ;
And whene'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,
All his hearers cried, “Iagoo!
Here's Iagoo come among us !”

LONGFELLOW: “Hiawatha.”

THE STORY OF A FIRE

THIRTEEN years have passed since, but it is all to me as if it had happened yesterday,—the clanging of the fire-bells, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the wild rush and terror of the streets; then the great hush that fell upon the crowd; the sea of upturned faces with the fire

glow upon it; and up there, against the background of black smoke that poured from roof to attic, the boy clinging to the narrow ledge, so far up that it seemed humanly impossible that help could ever come.

But even then it was coming. Up from the street, while the crew of the truck company were labouring with the heavy extension ladder that at its longest stretch was many feet too short, crept four men upon long, slender poles with cross-bars, iron-hooked at the end. Standing in one window, they reached up and thrust the hook through the next one above, then mounted a story higher. Again the crash of glass, and again the dizzy ascent. Straight up the wall they crept, looking like human flies on the ceiling, and clinging as close, never resting, reaching one recess only to set out for the next; nearer and nearer in the race for life, until but a single span separated the foremost from the boy. And now the iron hook fell at his feet, and the fireman stood upon the step with the rescued lad in his arms, just as the pent-up flames burst lurid from the attic window, reaching with impotent fury for their prey. The next moment they were safe upon the great ladder waiting to receive them below.

Then such a shout went up! Men fell on each other's necks, and cried and laughed at once. Strangers slapped one another on the back with glistening faces, shook hands, and behaved generally like men gone suddenly mad. Women wept in the street. The driver of a car stalled in the crowd, who had stood through it all speechless, clutching the reins, whipped his horses into a gallop and drove away, yelling like a Comanche, to relieve his feelings. The boy and his rescuer were carried across the street without anyone knowing how. Policemen forgot their dignity and shouted with the rest. Fire, peril, terror, and loss were alike forgotten in the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin.

Fireman John Binns was made captain of his crew, and the Bennett medal was pinned on his coat on the next parade day.

JACOB A. RIIS

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.

LONGFELLOW

THE QUEST

THERE once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danceed for joy,
And the wind was glad and free;
But he said, "Good mother, O let me go!
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he travelled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.

He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh

To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.

“Hast thou chosen a home, my child?

“Ah, where shall we dwell?” quoth she.
And he said, “Sweet mother, from east to west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,

Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree.”

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD

THE JACKAL AND THE PARTRIDGE

A JACKAL and a Partridge swore eternal friend-
ship; but the Jackal was very exacting and
jealous. “You don’t do half as much for me as
I do for you,” he used to say, “and yet you talk
a great deal of your friendship. Now my idea
of a friend is one who is able to make me laugh

or cry, give me a good meal, or save my life if need be. You couldn't do that!"

"Let us see," answered the Partridge; "follow me at a little distance, and if I don't make you laugh soon you may eat me!"

So she flew on till she met two travellers trudging along, one behind the other. They were both foot-sore and weary, and the first carried his bundle on a stick over his shoulder, while the second had his shoes in his hand.

Lightly as a feather the Partridge settled on the first traveller's stick. He, none the wiser, trudged on; but the second traveller, seeing the bird sitting so tamely just in front of his nose, said to himself, "What a chance for a supper!" and immediately flung his shoes at it, they being ready to hand. Whereupon the Partridge flew away, and the shoes knocked off the first traveller's turban.

"What a plague do you mean?" cried he, angrily turning on his companion. "Why did you throw your shoes at my head?"

"Brother!" replied the other, mildly, "do not be vexed. I didn't throw them at you, but at a Partridge that was sitting on your stick."

"On my stick! Do you take me for a fool?" shouted the injured man, in a great rage.

“Don’t tell me such cock-and-bull stories. First you insult me, and then you lie like a coward ; but I’ll teach you manners !”

Then he fell upon his fellow-traveller without more ado, and they fought until they could not see out of their eyes, till their noses were bleeding, their clothes in rags, and the Jackal had nearly died of laughing.

“Are you satisfied ?” asked the Partridge of her friend.

“Well,” answered the Jackal, “you have certainly made me laugh, but I doubt if you could make me cry. It is easy enough to be a buffoon ; it is more difficult to excite the higher emotions.”

“Let us see,” retorted the Partridge, somewhat piqued ; “there is a huntsman with his dogs coming along the road. Just creep into that hollow tree and watch me ; if you don’t weep scalding tears, you must have no feeling in you !”

The Jackal did as he was bid, and watched the Partridge, who began fluttering about the bushes till the dogs caught sight of her, when she flew to the hollow tree where the Jackal was hidden. Of course the dogs smelled him at once, and set up such a yelping and scratching that

the huntsman came up and, seeing what it was, dragged the Jackal out by the tail. Whereupon the dogs worried him to their hearts' content, and finally left him for dead.

By and by he opened his eyes—for he was only foxing—and saw the Partridge sitting on a branch above him.

“Did you cry?” she asked anxiously. “Did I rouse your higher emo—”

“Be quiet, will you!” snarled the Jackal; “I’m half dead with fear!”

So there the Jackal lay for some time, getting the better of his bruises, and meanwhile he became hungry.

“Now is the time for friendship!” said he to the Partridge. “Get me a good dinner, and I will acknowledge you are a true friend.”

“Very well!” replied the Partridge; “only watch me, and help yourself when the time comes.”

Just then a troop of women came by, carrying their husbands’ dinners to the harvest-field.

The Partridge gave a little plaintive cry, and began fluttering along from bush to bush as if she were wounded.

“A wounded bird!—a wounded bird!” cried the women; “we can easily catch it!”

Whereupon they set off in pursuit, but the cunning Partridge played a thousand tricks, till they became so excited over the chase that they put their bundles on the ground in order to pursue it more nimbly. The Jackal, meanwhile, seizing his opportunity, crept up, and made off with a good dinner.

“Are you satisfied now?” asked the Partridge.

“Well,” returned the Jackal, “I confess you have given me a very good dinner; you have also made me laugh—and cry—ahem! But, after all, the great test of friendship is beyond you—you couldn’t save my life!”

“Perhaps not,” acquiesced the Partridge, mournfully. “I am so small and weak. But it grows late—we should be going home; and as it is a long way round by the ford, let us go across the river. My friend the crocodile will carry us over.”

Accordingly, they set off for the river, and the crocodile kindly consented to carry them across; so they sat on his broad back, and he ferried them over. But just as they were in the middle of the stream the Partridge remarked: “I believe the crocodile intends to play us a trick. How awkward if he were to drop you into the water!”

“Awkward for you, too!” replied the Jackal, turning pale.

“Not at all! not at all! I have wings, you haven’t.”

On this the Jackal shivered and shook with fear, and when the crocodile, in a grawsome growl, remarked that he was hungry and wanted a good meal the wretched creature hadn’t a word to say.

“Pooh!” cried the Partridge, airily, “don’t try tricks on us—I should fly away, and as for my friend the Jackal, you couldn’t hurt *him*. He is not such a fool as to take his life with him on these little excursions; he leaves it at home locked up in the cupboard.”

“Is that a fact?” asked the crocodile, surprised.

“Certainly!” retorted the Partridge. “Try to eat him if you like, but you will only tire yourself to no purpose.”

“Dear me! how very odd!” gasped the crocodile; and he was so taken aback that he carried the Jackal safe to shore.

“Well, are you satisfied now?” asked the Partridge.

“My dear madam!” quoth the Jackal, “you have made me laugh, you have made me cry,

you have given me a good dinner, and you have saved my life; but upon my honour I think you are too clever for a friend: so, good-bye!"

And the Jackal never went near the Partridge again.

FLORA ANNIE STEEL: "Tales from the Punjab."

HIDE AND SEEK

ALL the trees are sleeping, all the winds are
still,

All the flocks of fleecy clouds have wandered
past the hill;

Through the noonday silence, down the woods
of June,

Hark! a little hunter's voice comes running
with a tune.

"Hide and seek!

"When I speak,

"You must answer me:

"Call again,

"Merry men,

"Coo-ee, coo-ee, coo-ee!"

Now I hear his footsteps, rustling through the
grass:

Hidden in my leafy nook, shall I let him pass?

Just a low, soft whistle,—quick the hunter
turns,
Leaps upon me laughing, rolls me in the ferns.

“ Hold him fast,
“ Caught at last !
“ Now you’re it, you see.
“ Hide your eye,
“ Till I cry,
“ Coo-ee, coo-ee, coo-ee ! ”

Long ago he left me, long and long ago :
Now I wander through the world and seek him
high and low ;
Hidden safe and happy, in some pleasant
place,—
Ah, if I could hear his voice, I soon should find
his face.

Far away,
Many a day,
Where can Barney be ?
Answer, dear,
Don’t you hear ?
“ Coo-ee, coo-ee, coo-ee ! ”

Birds that in the spring-time thrilled his heart
with joy,
Flowers he loved to pick for me, ‘mind me of
my boy.

Surely he is waiting till my steps come nigh;
Love may hide itself awhile, but love can never
die.

Heart be glad,
The little lad
Will call some day to thee :
“ Father dear,
“ Heaven is here,
“ Coo-ee, coo-ee, coo-ee ! ”

HENRY VANDYKE

THE BURNING OF THE “GOLIATH”

(Owing to the excellent discipline which Captain Bourchier had established, and to the courage of the boys, only twelve lives were lost out of the crew of five hundred).

LET me give you an example of self-denial which comes from near home. I will speak to you of what has been done by little boys of seven, of eight, of twelve, of thirteen ;—little English boys, and English boys with very few advantages of birth ; not brought up, as most of you are, in quiet, orderly homes, but taken from the London workhouses. I will speak to you of what such little boys have done, not fifteen hundred, or even two hundred years ago, but last week—last Wednesday, on the river Thames.

Do you know of whom I am thinking? I am thinking of the little boys, nearly five hundred, who were taken from different workhouses in London, and put to school to be trained as sailors on board the ship which was called after the name of the giant whom David slew—the training-ship Goliath.

About eight o'clock on Wednesday morning that great ship suddenly caught fire, from the upsetting of a can of oil in the lamp-room. It was hardly daylight. In a very few minutes the ship was on fire from one end to the other, and the fire-bell rang to call the boys to their posts. What did they do? Think of the sudden surprise, the sudden danger—the flames rushing all around them, and the dark, cold water below them! Did they cry, or scream, or fly about in confusion? No; they ran each to his proper place.

They had been trained to do that—they knew that it was their duty; and no one forgot himself; no one lost his presence of mind. They all, as the captain said, “ behaved like men.” Then, when it was found impossible to save the ship, those who could swim jumped into the water by order of the captain, and swam for their lives. Some, also at his command, got

into a boat ; and then, when the sheets of flame and the clouds of smoke came pouring out of the ship, the smaller boys for a moment were frightened, and wanted to push away.

But there was one among them—the little mate : his name was William Bolton : we are proud that he came from Westminster : a quiet boy, much loved by his comrades—who had the sense and courage to say, “No ; we must stay and help those that are still in the ship.” He kept the barge alongside the ship as long as possible, and was thus the means of saving more than one hundred lives !

There were others who were still in the ship while the flames went on spreading. They were standing by the good captain, who had been so kind to them all, and whom they all loved so much. In that dreadful crisis they thought more of him than of themselves. One threw his arms round his neck and said, “You’ll be burnt, Captain ;” and another said, “Save yourself before the rest.” But the captain gave them the best of all lessons for that moment. He said, “That’s not the way at sea, my boys.”

He meant to say—and they quite understood what he meant—that the way at sea is to prepare for danger beforehand, to meet it manfully

when it comes, and to look at the safety, not of oneself, but of others. The captain had not only learned that good old way himself, but he also knew how to teach it to the boys under his charge.

DEAN STANLEY

HEARTS OF OAK

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you, not press you like
slaves,

For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are
our men,

We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough
the sea,

Her standard be justice, her watchword
“ Be free ; ”

Then, cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us
sing

Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our
king.

Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are
our men,

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

DAVID GARRICK

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,

A wind that follows fast,

And fills the white and rustling sail,

And bends the gallant mast ;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,

While, like the eagle free,

Away the good ship flies, and leaves

Old England on the lee !

“O for a soft and gentle wind !”

I heard a fair one cry ;

But give to me the snoring breeze

And white waves heaving high ;

And white waves heaving high, my boys,

The good ship tight and free,—

The world of waters is our home,

And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud !
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

THE TALENTS

THE kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same; and made them other five talents. And likewise he that had received two, he also gained other two. But he that had received one went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money. After a long time the lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.

And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents saying, “Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more.” His lord said unto him, “Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.”

He also that had received two talents came and said, “Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents: behold, I have gained two other talents beside them.” His lord said unto him, “Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.”

Then he which had received the one talent came and said, “Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed; and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine.” His lord answered and said unto him, “Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed: thou oughtest

therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

ST. MATTHEW, XXV, 14-30

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn or breezy down.
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

KINGSLEY

AN APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

HAVE you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings its story.

In the spring.

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the
spring?

In the spring?

And caught their subtle odours in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white
Just to touch them a delight—

In the spring.

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the
spring?

In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,

In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the
spring,

In the spring,

Half the colour, beauty, wonder of the spring,

No sweet sight can I remember

Half so precious, half so tender,

As the apple blossoms render

In the spring.

WILLIAM MARTIN

THE BLUEJAY

SAID Jim Baker, "There's more to a bluejay than to any other creature. He has more kinds of feeling than any other creature; and mind you, whatever a bluejay feels, he can put into words. No common words either, but out-and-out book-talk. You never see a jay at a loss for a word.

" You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, because he has feathers on him. Otherwise, he is just as human as you are.

" Yes, sir; a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can laugh, a jay can gossip, a jay can feel ashamed, just as well as you do, maybe better. And there's another thing: in good, clean, out-and-out scolding, a bluejay can beat anything alive.

“Seven years ago the last man about here but me moved away. There stands his house—a log house with just one big room and no more: no ceiling, nothing between the rafters and the floor.

“Well, one Sunday morning I was sitting out here in front of my cabin, with my cat, taking the sun, when a bluejay flew down on that house with an acorn in his mouth.

“‘Hello,’ says he, ‘I reckon here’s something.’ When he spoke the acorn fell out of his mouth and rolled down on the roof. He didn’t care; his mind was on the thing he had found.

“It was a knot-hole in the roof. He cocked his head to one side, shut one eye, and put the other to the hole, like a ‘possum looking down a jug.’

“Then he looked up, gave a wink or two with his wings, and says, ‘It looks like a hole, it’s placed like a hole—and—if I don’t think it is a hole!’

“Then he cocked his head down and took another look. He looked up with joy, this time winked his wings and his tail both, and says, ‘If I ain’t in luck! Why it’s an elegant hole!’

"So he flew down and got that acorn and dropped it in, and was tilting his head back with a smile when a queer look of surprise came over his face. Then he says, 'Why, I didn't hear it fall.'

"He cocked his eye at the hole again and took a long look; rose up and shook his head; went to the other side of the hole and took another look from that side; shook his head again. No use.

"So after thinking awhile, he says, 'I reckon it's all right. I'll try it, any way.'

"So he flew off and brought another acorn and dropped it in, and tried to get his eye to the hole quick enough to see what became of it. He was too late. He got another acorn and tried to see where it went, but he couldn't.

"He says, 'Well, I never saw such a hole as this before. I reckon it's a new kind.' Then he got angry and walked up and down the roof. I never saw a bird take on so.

"When he got through he looked in the hole for half a minute; then he says, 'Well, you're a long hole, and a deep hole, and a queer hole, but I have started to fill you, and I'll do it if it takes a hundred years.'

"And with that away he went. For two hours and a half you never saw a bird work so hard. He did not stop to look in any more, but just threw acorns in and went for more.

"Well, at last he could hardly flap his wings he was so tired out. So he bent down for a look. He looked up, pale with rage. He says, 'I've put in enough acorns to keep the family thirty years, and I can't see a sign of them.'

"Another jay was going by and heard him. So he stopped to ask what was the matter. Our jay told him the whole story. Then he went and looked down the hole and came back and said, 'How many tons did you put in there?' 'Not less than two,' said our jay.

"The other jay looked again, but could not make it out; so he gave a yell and three more jays came. They all talked at once for awhile, and then called in more jays.

"Pretty soon the air was blue with jays, and every jay put his eye to the hole and told what he thought. They looked the house all over, too. The door was partly open, and at last one old jay happened to look in. There lay the acorns all over the floor.

"He flapped his wings and gave a yell, 'Come here, everybody! Ha! Ha! He's been trying to fill a house with acorns!'

“As each jay took a look, the fun of the thing struck him, and how he did laugh. And for an hour after they roosted on the housetop and trees, and laughed like human beings. It isn’t any use to tell me a bluejay hasn’t any fun in him. I know better.”

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (Mark Twain)

A CANADIAN CAMPING SONG

A white tent pitched by a glassy lake,
Well under a shady tree,
Or by rippling rills from the grand old hills,
Is the summer home for me.
I fear no blaze of the noontide rays,
For the woodland glades are mine,
The fragrant air, and that perfume rare,
The odour of forest pine.

A cooling plunge at the break of day,
A paddle, a row, or sail,
With always a fish for a mid-day dish,
And plenty of Adam’s ale.
With rod or gun, or in hammock swung,
We glide through the pleasant days ;
When darkness falls on our canvas walls,
We kindle the camp fire’s blaze.

From out the gloom sails the silv'ry moon,
O'er forests dark and still,
Now far, now near, ever sad and clear,
Comes the plaint of the whip-poor-will;
With song and laugh, and with kindly chaff,
We startle the birds above,
Then rest tired heads on our cedar beds,
To dream of the ones we love.

SIR J. D. EDGAR: "This Canada of Ours."

THE ARGONAUTS

Now when the building of the ship Argo was finished the fifty heroes came to look upon her, and joy filled their hearts. "Surely," said they, "this is the greatest ship that ever sailed the sea."

So eager were they to make trial of the long oars that some, leaping on the shoulders of their comrades and grasping the shrouds, clambered over the bulwarks upon the thwarts and drew the rest in after them. Orpheus, upon the mighty shoulders of Jason the leader of the expedition, seized hold of the arm of the azure-eyed goddess, the figure-head of the ship, and, as he climbed on board, her whisper reached his ear. "Orpheus, sing me something." This was the song:

“ How sweet upon the surge to ride,
And leap from wave to wave,
While oars flash fast above the tide
And lordly tempests rave.
How sweet it is across the main,
In wonder-land to roam,
To win rich treasure, endless fame,
And earn a welcome home.”

Then the good ship Argo stirred in all her timbers and longing for the restless sea came upon her and she rushed headlong down the grooves till the lips of the goddess tasted the salt sea spray.

Many a day they sailed through laughing seas and ever they spoke together of the glory of the Golden Fleece which they hoped to bring home from far off Colchis.

When they were come to the land of Colchis, King Æetes summoned them to his palace. Beside him was seated his daughter, the beautiful witch maiden, Medea. She looked upon the Greeks and upon Jason, fairest and noblest of them all, and her spirit leaped forth to meet his. And knowing what lay before them, “ surely,” she thought, “ it were an evil thing that men so bold and comely should perish.”

When Jason demanded the Golden Fleece the rage of the King rushed up like a whirlwind, but he curbed his speech and spake a fair word. “Choose ye now him who is boldest among you and let him perform the labours I shall set.”

That night Medea stole from the palace to warn the hero of the toils and dangers that awaited him,—to tame a span of brazen-footed fire-breathing bulls, with them to plough four acres of unbroken land in the field of Ares, to sow the tilth with serpents’ teeth, to slay its crop of warriors, to cross a river, and climb a lofty wall, to snatch the Fleece from a tree round which lay coiled the sleepless dragon. “How can these things be accomplished and that before the setting of another sun?” But Jason used flattering words, singing the song of Chiron :

“No river so deep but an arm may swim,
No wall so steep but a foot may climb,
No dragon so dread but a sword may slay,
No fiend so fierce but your charms may stay.”

Medea, seeing that he knew not fear, gave him a magic ointment which should give him the strength of seven men and protect him from fire and steel.

All the people assembled at sunrise in the field of Ares. When the fire-breathing bulls saw Jason standing in the middle of the field, fury shot from their eyes. Fierce was their onset and the multitude waited breathless to see what the end would be. As the bulls came on with lowered heads, and tails in air, Jason leaped nimbly to one side and the monsters shot past him with bellowings that shook the earth. They turned and Jason poised for the leap. As they passed a second time he grasped the nearest by the horn, and lightly vaulted upon its back. The bull, unused to the burden, sank cowering to the ground. Jason patted its neck caressing it, and gladly it shared the yoke with its fellow.

When the ground was ploughed and sown with the teeth of the serpent, a thousand warriors sprang full-armed from the brown earth. Then King Æetes greatly rejoiced, but Medea, trembling at the sight, laid a spell upon them that they might not clearly distinguish friend from foe.

One among them came forth and Jason advanced to meet him, walking with a halt. His adversary laughed aloud but Jason with a mighty bound sprang upon the shoulders of his

enemy and bore him helmetless to the ground. The hero quickly replaced the fallen helmet with his own, giving a golden helmet for a brazen. The other rose and fled back among his fellows who, thinking it was Jason come among them, fell upon and slew him and strove with each other for the golden helmet until all were slain but one who, wounded unto death, rose up from the fray and shouting "Victory" sank upon knee and elbow never to rise again.

The rest of the task was quickly accomplished, for Medea by her spells cast a deep sleep upon the dragon. So the Golden Fleece was won and brought once more to Iolchos with a prize still more precious, for Jason bore home with him Medea, the beautiful witch maiden, who became his bride and ruled with him, let us hope, many happy years.

JOHN WAUGH

IN the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean. LONGFELLOW

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.
 " Land of song ! " said the warrior-bard,
 " Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee ! "

The Minstrel fell ! but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder ;
 And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery !
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery."

MOORE

ONCE to every man and nation comes the
 moment to decide,
 In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the
 good or evil side ;
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the
 coward stands aside.

LOWELL

MARY ELIZABETH

MARY ELIZABETH was a little girl with a long name. She was poor, she was sick, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father. She had no supper, she had had no dinner, she had had no breakfast. She had no place to go and nobody to care where she went.

In fact, Mary Elizabeth had not much of anything but a short pink calico dress, a little red cotton-and-wool shawl, and her long name. Besides this, she had a pair of old rubbers, too large for her.

She was walking up Washington Street. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day.

“God made so many people,” thought Mary Elizabeth, “He must have made so many suppers. Seems as if there’d ought to be one for one extra little girl.”

But she thought this in a gentle way. She was a very gentle little girl. All girls who hadn’t anything were not like Mary Elizabeth.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

So now she was shuffling up Washington Street, not knowing exactly what to do next,—peeping into people's faces, timidly looking away from them, heart-sick (for a very little girl can be very heart-sick), colder, she thought, every minute, and hungrier each hour than she was the hour before.

The child left Washington Street at last, where everybody had homes and suppers without one extra one to spare for a little girl, and turned into a short, bright, showy street, where stood a great hotel.

Whether the door-keeper was away, or busy, or sick, or careless, or whether the head-waiter at the dining-room was so tall that he couldn't see so short a beggar, or whether the clerk at the desk was so noisy that he couldn't hear so still a beggar, or however it was, Mary Elizabeth did get in; by the door-keeper, past the head-waiter, under the shadow of the clerk, over the smooth, slippery marble floor the child crept on.

She came to the office door and stood still. She looked around her with wide eyes. She had never seen a place like that. Lights flashed over it, many and bright. Gentlemen sat in it smoking and reading. They were all warm.

Not one of them looked as if he had had no dinner and no breakfast and no supper.

"How many extra suppers," thought the little girl, "it must ha' taken to feed 'em all. I guess maybe there'll be one for me in here."

Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of it, in her pink calico dress and red plaid shawl. The shawl was tied over her head and about her neck with a ragged tippet. Her bare feet showed in the old rubbers. She began to shuffle about the room, holding out one purple little hand.

One or two of the gentlemen laughed; some frowned; more did nothing at all; most did not notice, or did not seem to notice, the child. One said: "What's the matter here?"

Mary Elizabeth shuffled on. She went from one to the other, less timidly; a kind of desperation had taken possession of her. The odours from the dining-room came in, of strong, hot coffee, and strange, roast meats. Mary Elizabeth thought of Jo.

It seemed to her she was so hungry that, if she could not get a supper, she should jump up and run and rush about and snatch something and steal like Jo. She held out her hand, but only said: "I'm hungry!"

A gentleman called her. He was the gentleman who had asked, "What's the matter here?" He called her in behind his daily paper which was big enough to hide three of Mary Elizabeth, and when he saw that nobody was looking he gave her a five-cent piece in a hurry, as if he had committed a sin, and said quickly: "There, there, child! go now, go!"

Then he began to read his newspaper quite hard and fast and to look severe, as one does who never gives anything to beggars, as a matter of principle.

But nobody else gave anything to Mary Elizabeth. She shuffled from one to another hopelessly. Every gentleman shook his head. One called for a waiter to put her out. This frightened her and she stood still.

Over by a window, in a lonely corner of the great room, a young man was sitting apart from the others. He sat with his elbows on the table and his face buried in his arms. He was a well-dressed young man, with brown, curling hair.

Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so miserable and why he sat alone. She thought, perhaps, that if he weren't so happy as the other gentlemen, he would be more sorry for

cold and hungry girls. She hesitated, then walked along and directly up to him.

One or two gentlemen laid down their papers and watched this; they smiled and nodded to each other. The child did not see them to wonder why. She went up and put her hand upon the young man's arm.

He started. The brown, curly head lifted itself from the shelter of his arms; a young face looked sharply at the beggar girl,—a beautiful young face it might have been.

It was haggard now and dreadful to look at,—bloated and badly marked with the unmistakable marks of a wicked week's debauch. He roughly said:

“What do you want?”

“I'm hungry,” said Mary Elizabeth.

“I can't help that. Go away.”

“I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day—a whole day!” repeated the child.

Her lip quivered. But she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching this little scene.

“Go away!” repeated the young man, irritably. “Don't bother me. I haven't had anything to eat for three days!”

His face went down into his arms again. Mary Elizabeth stood staring at the brown, curling hair. She stood perfectly still for some moments. She evidently was greatly puzzled. She walked away a little distance, then stopped and thought it over.

And now paper after paper and pipe after cigar went down. Every gentleman in the room began to look on. The young man with the beautiful brown curls, and dissipated, disgraced, and hidden face was not stiller than the rest.

The little figure in the pink calico and the red shawl and big rubbers stood for a moment silent among them all. The waiter came to take her out but the gentlemen motioned him away.

Mary Elizabeth turned her five-cent piece over and over in her purple hand. Her hand shook. The tears came. The smell of the dinner from the dining-room grew savoury and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned and, without further hesitation, went back.

She touched the young man—on the bright hair this time—with her trembling little hand.

The room was so still now that what she said rang out to the corridor, where the waiters stood, with the clerk behind looking over the desk to see.

"I'm sorry you are so hungry. If you haven't had anything for three days, you must be hungrier than me. I've got five cents. A gentleman gave it me. I wish you would take it. I've only gone one day. You can get some supper with it, and—maybe—I—can get some somewheres! I wish you'd please to take it!"

Mary Elizabeth stood quite still, holding out her five-cent piece. She did not understand the stir that went all over the bright room. She did not see that some of the gentlemen coughed and wiped their spectacles.

She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, nor why the young man's wasted face flushed red and hot with a noble shame.

She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece upon the table, and, snatching her in his arms, held her fast and hid his face on her plaid shawl and sobbed. Nor did she seem to know what could be the reason that nobody seemed amused to see this gentleman cry.

The gentleman who had given her the money came up, and some more came up, and they gathered around, and she in the midst of them, and they all spoke kindly, and the young man with the bad face that might have been so beautiful stood up, still clinging to her, and said aloud :

“She’s shamed me before you all, and she’s shamed me to myself! I’ll learn a lesson from this beggar, so help me God!”

So then he took the child upon his knee, and the gentlemen came up to listen, and the young man asked her what her name was.

“Mary Elizabeth, sir.”

“Names used to mean things—in the Bible—when I was as little as you. I read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean angel of rebuke?”

“Sir?”

“Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?”

“Nowhere, sir.”

“Where do you sleep?”

“In Mrs. O’Flynn’s shed, sir. It’s too cold for the cows. She’s so kind, she lets us stay.”

“Whom do you stay with?”

“Nobody, only Jo.”

“Is Jo your brother?”

“No, sir. Jo is a girl. I haven’t got only Jo.”

“What does Jo do for a living?”

“She—gets it, sir.”

“And what do you do?”

“I beg. It’s better than to—get it, sir, I think.”

“Where’s your mother?”

“Dead.”

“What did she die of?”

“Drink, sir,” said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

“Ah—well. And your father?”

“He is dead. He died in prison.”

“What sent him to prison?”

“Drink, sir.”

“Oh!”

“I had a brother once,” continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large an audience, “but he died, too.”

“I do want my supper,” she added, after a pause, speaking in a whisper, as if to Jo or to herself, “and Jo’ll be wondering for me.”

“Wait, then,” said the young man. “I’ll see if I can’t beg enough to get you your supper.”

“I thought there must be an extry one among so many folks!” cried Mary Elizabeth; for now, she thought, she should get back her five cents.

And, truly, the young man put the five cents into his hat, to begin with. Then he took out his purse, and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent piece and something more and more and more.

Then he passed around the great room, walking still unsteadily, and the gentleman who gave the five cents and all the gentlemen put something into the young man's hat.

So when he came back to the table he emptied the hat and counted the money, and, truly, it was forty dollars.

"Forty dollars!"

Mary Elizabeth looked frightened.

"It's yours," said the young man. "Now come to supper. But see! this gentleman who gave you the five-cent piece shall take care of the money for you. You can trust him. He's got a wife, too. But we'll come to supper now."

So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentleman whose wife knew all about what to do with orphans took her by the other hand, and one or two more gentlemen followed, and they all went into the dining-room, and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a clean white

table, and asked her what she wanted for her supper.

Mary Elizabeth said that a little dry toast and a cup of milk would do nicely. So all the gentlemen laughed. And she wondered why.

And the young man with the brown curls laughed, too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken and cranberry sauce and mashed potatoes and celery and rolls and butter and tomatoes and an ice cream and a cup of tea and nuts and raisins and cake and custard and apples and grapes.

And Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl and ate the whole; and why it didn't kill her nobody knows; but it didn't.

The young man with the face that might have been beautiful—that might be yet, one would have thought who had seen him then—stood watching the little girl.

“She's preached me the best sermon,” he said below his breath, “I ever heard. May God bless her! I wish there were a thousand like her in this selfish world!”

And when I heard about it I wished so, too.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

OH, there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child. DICKENS

THE FROST

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,

In silence I'll take my way:

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,

But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its
crest;

He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads—and over the breast

Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,

By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things:—there were flowers and
trees;

There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees :
There were cities with temples and towers ; and
these

All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair ;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—

“ Now just to set them a-thinking,
I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“ This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three,
And the glass of water they’ve left for me
Shall ‘ Tchick !’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

H. F. GOULD

CORN-FIELDS

WHEN on the breath of Autumn’s breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down,—
Oh, then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest-hill !

What joy in dreaming ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn ;
And see all round, on sunlit slopes,
The piled-up shocks of corn ;
And send the fancy wandering o’er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore !

I feel the day ; I see the field ;
The quivering of the leaves ;
And good old Jacob, and his horse,—
Binding the yellow sheaves !
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream !

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one
Bending unto their sickles' stroke,
And Boaz looking on ;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there !

Again, I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight,—
God's living gift of love unto
The kind, good Shunammite ;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see ;
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

Oh, golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem !
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream ;
The sunshine, and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there !

MARY HOWITT

SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQ.

TREASURE VALLEY belonged to three brothers—Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. The two elder brothers were rich, cruel, quarrelsome men who never gave anything in charity. The youngest brother, Gluck, was twelve years old, and kind to everyone. He had to act as cook and servant to his brothers.

One cold, wet day the brothers went out, telling Gluck to roast a leg of mutton on the spit, let nobody into the house, and let nothing out. After a time some one knocked at the door. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-coloured ; very round and very red cheeks ; merry eyes, long hair, and moustaches that curled twice round like a corkscrew on

each side of his mouth. He was four feet six inches high, and wore a pointed cap as long as himself. It was decorated with a black feather about three feet long. Around his body was folded an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak much too long for him. As he knocked again he caught sight of Gluck.

“Hollo!” said the little gentleman, “that’s not the way to answer the door; I’m wet, let me in.”

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy’s tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

“I beg pardon, sir,” said Gluck, “I’m very sorry, but I really can’t.”

“Can’t what?” said the old gentleman.

“I can’t let you in, sir,—I can’t, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?”

“Want?” said the old gentleman, petulantly. “I want fire and shelter; and there’s your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself.”

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long, bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. “He does look *very* wet,” said little Gluck; “I’ll just let him in for a quarter of an hour.” Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, through the house came a gust of wind that made the old chimneys totter.

“That’s a good boy,” said the little gentleman. “Never mind your brothers. I’ll talk to them.”

“Pray, sir, don’t do any such thing,” said Gluck. “I can’t let you stay till they come; they’d be the death of me.”

“Dear me,” said the old gentleman, “I’m very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?”

“Only till the mutton’s done, sir,” replied Gluck, “and it’s very brown.”

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with

the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof. "You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But—sir—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behaviour of his guest; it was such a strange

mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

“That mutton looks very nice,” said the old gentleman, at length. “Can’t you give me a little bit?”

“Impossible, sir,” said Gluck.

“I’m very hungry,” continued the old gentleman; “I’ve had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn’t miss a bit from the knuckle!”

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck’s heart. “They promised me one slice to-day, sir,” said he; “I can give you that, but not a bit more.”

“That’s a good boy,” said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. “I don’t care if I do get beaten for it,” thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

“What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?” said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck’s face.

“Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?” said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

“Bless my soul!” said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

“Amen,” said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

“Who’s that?” said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

“I don’t know, indeed, brother,” said Gluck, in great terror.

“How did he get in?” roared Schwartz.

“My dear brother,” said Gluck, deprecatingly, “he was so *very* wet!”

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck’s head; but at the instant the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out

of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farther end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor, old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

“Pray, gentlemen—”

“Off, and be hanged!” cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman’s collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew moustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: “Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o’clock to-night I’ll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you.”

“If I ever catch you here again,” muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the

corner—but before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and past the window, at the same instant, drove a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

“A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!” said Schwartz. “Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why the mutton’s been cut!”

“You promised me one slice, brother, you know,” said Gluck.

“Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It’ll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you.”

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain, without intermission.

The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door,

before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

“What’s that?” cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

“Only I,” said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see, in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

“Sorry to incommod you,” said their visitor, ironically. “I’m afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother’s room; I’ve left the ceiling on there.”

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck’s room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

“You’ll find my card on the kitchen table,” the old gentleman called after them. “Remember, the *last* visit.”

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept, shivering and horror-struck, into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor: corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

RUSKIN: "The King of the Golden River."
(Adapted)

THE cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so
sweet

As that vale in whose bosom the bright
waters meet;

Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must
depart,

Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from
my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the
scene

Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh ! no,—it was something more exquisite
still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom,
were near,

Who made every dear scene of enchantment
more dear,

And who felt how the best charms of Nature
improve,

When we see them reflected from looks that
we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I
love best,

Where the storms that we feel in this cold
world should cease,

And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled
in peace.

MOORE

LOVE

LOVE your enemies, do good to them which hate you. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which spitefully use you. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the unthank-

ful and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.

ST. LUKE, VI. 27-38

THE ROBIN'S SONG

“ WHEN the willows gleam along the brooks,
And the grass grows green in sunny nooks,
In the sunshine and the rain
I hear the robin in the lane
Singing, ‘Cheerily,
Cheer up, cheer up ;
Cheerily, cheerily,
Cheer up.’

“ But the snow is still
Along the walls and on the hill.
The days are cold, the nights forlorn,
For one is here and one is gone.

‘Tut, tut. Cheerily,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Cheerily, cheerily,
Cheer up.’

“When spring hopes seem to wane,
I hear the joyful strain—

A song at night, a song at morn,
A lesson deep to me is borne,
Hearing, ‘Cheerily,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Cheerily, cheerily,
Cheer up.’ ”

UNKNOWN

WORK OR PLAY

SATURDAY morning was come and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face, and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He

surveyed the fence, and the gladness went out of nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high! It seemed to him that life was hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged.

He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire.

He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work maybe, but not enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys.

At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him. Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration. He took up his

brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently; the very boy of all boys whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop, skip, and jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long melodious whoop at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding dong dong, ding dong dong, for he was personating a steam-boat.

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamer. Ben stared a moment, and then said—

“Hi-yi! You’re a stump, ain’t you!”

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom’s mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said—

“Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?”

“Why, it’s you, Ben! I warn’t noticing.”

“Say, I’m going in a-swimming, I am. Don’t you wish you could? But of course you’d druther work, wouldn’t you? ’Course you would!”

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said—

“What do you call work?”

“Why ain’t that work?”

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly—

“Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain’t. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer.”

“Oh, come now, you don’t mean to let on that you like it?”

The brush continued to move.

“Like it? Well, I don’t see why I oughtn’t to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?”

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again, Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said—

“Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little.”

Tom considered; was about to consent; but he altered his mind: “No, no; I reckon it wouldn’t hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly’s awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn’t mind, and she wouldn’t. Yes, she’s awful particular about this fence; it’s got

to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't you see how I am fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks; I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here. No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you all of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while Ben worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash.

By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth.

He had, besides the things I have mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool-cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it, namely, that, in order to make a man or a boy

covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, he would have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is *obliged* to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is *not* obliged to do.

MARK TWAIN: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE

THE WHISTLE

WHEN I was a boy of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing in my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met

with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw any one fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in politics, neglecting his own affairs and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle."

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine horses, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts and ended his career in poverty, "Alas!" said I, "he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I believed that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

MOORE

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM

AT an early period in the history of Holland, a boy was born in Haarlem, a town remarkable for its variety of fortune in war, but happily still more so for its manufactures and inventions in peace.

His father was a sluicer—that is, one whose employment it was to open and shut the sluices or large oak gates which, placed at certain regular distances, close the entrances of the canals, and secure Holland from the danger to which it seems exposed, of finding

itself under water, rather than above it. When water is wanted, the sluicer raises the sluices more or less, as required, as the cook turns the cock of a fountain, and closes them again carefully at night; otherwise the water would flow into the canals, then overflow them, and inundate the whole country; so that even the little children in Holland are fully aware of the importance of a punctual discharge of the sluicer's duties.

The boy was about eight years old when, one day, he asked permission to take some cakes to a poor blind man, who lived at the other side of the dike. His father gave him leave, but charged him not to stay too late. The child promised, and set off on his little journey. The blind man thankfully partook of his young friend's cakes, and the boy, mindful of his father's orders, did not wait, as usual, to hear one of the old man's stories, but as soon as he had seen him eat one muffin, took leave of him to return home.

As he went along by the canals, then quite full, for it was in October, and the autumn rains had swelled the waters,—the boy now stooped to pull the little blue flowers which his mother loved so well, now, in childish gaiety, hummed

some merry song. The road gradually became more solitary, and soon neither the joyous shout of the villager returning to his cottage home, nor the rough voice of the carter grumbling at his lazy horses, was any longer to be heard. The little fellow now perceived that the blue of the flowers in his hands was scarcely distinguishable from the green of the surrounding herbage, and he looked up in some dismay. The night was falling; not, however, a dark, winter night, but one of those beautiful, clear, moonlight nights, in which every object is perceptible, though not as distinctly as by day.

The child thought of his father, of his injunction, and was preparing to quit the ravine in which he was almost buried, and to regain the beach, when suddenly a slight noise, like the trickling of water upon pebbles, attracted his attention. He was near one of the large sluices, and he now carefully examined it, and soon discovered a hole in the wood, through which the water was flowing. With the instant perception which every child in Holland would have, the boy saw that the water must soon enlarge the hole through which it was now only dropping, and that utter and general ruin would be the consequence of the inundation of the country

that must follow. To see, to throw away the flowers, to climb from stone to stone till he reached the hole, and to put his finger into it, was the work of a moment, and to his delight he found that he had succeeded in stopping the flow of the water.

This was all very well for a little while, and the child thought only of the success of his device. But the night was closing in, and with the night came the cold. The little boy looked around in vain. No one came. He shouted—he called loudly—no one answered. He resolved to stay there all night, but alas! the cold was becoming every moment more biting, and the poor finger fixed in the hole began to feel benumbed, and the numbness soon extended to the hand, and thence throughout the whole arm. The pain became still greater, still harder to bear, but yet the boy moved not. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he thought of his father, of his mother, of his little bed, where he might now be sleeping so soundly; but still the little fellow stirred not, for he knew that did he remove the small slender finger which he had opposed to the escape of the water, not only would he himself be drowned, but his father, his brothers, his neighbours—nay, the whole village.

We know not what faltering of purpose, what momentary failures of courage there might have been during that long and terrible night ; but certain it is, that at daybreak he was found in the same painful position by a clergyman returning from attendance on a deathbed, who, as he advanced, thought he heard groans, and bending over the dike, discovered a child seated on a stone, writhing from pain, and with pale face and tearful eyes.

“ In the name of wonder, boy,” he exclaimed, “ what are you doing there ? ”

“ I am hindering the water from running out,” was the answer, in perfect simplicity, of the child, who, during that whole night, had been evincing such heroic fortitude and undaunted courage.

The Muse of History has handed down to posterity many a warrior, the destroyer of thousands of his fellow-men—but she has left us in ignorance of the name of this real little hero of Haarlem.

SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

DREAMS, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good.

WORDSWORTH

FATHER WILLIAM

“REPEAT ‘You are old, Father William,’” said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began:—

“You are old, Father William,” the young man said,

“And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,

“I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned before,

And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—

Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“ In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook
his gray locks,
“ I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the
box—
Allow me to sell you a couple.”

“ You are old, said the youth, “ and your
jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones
and the beak.
Pray, how did you manage to do it?”

“ In my youth,” said his father, “ I took to
the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to
my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“ You are old,” said the youth; “ one would
hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your
nose—
What made you so awfully clever?”

“I have answered three questions, and that is enough,”

Said his father ; “don’t give yourself airs ! Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?

Be off, or I’ll kick you down-stairs !”

“That is not said right,” said the Caterpillar.

“Not *quite* right, I’m afraid,” said Alice timidly ; “some of the words have got altered.”

“It is wrong from beginning to end,” said the Caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for some minutes.

LEWIS CARROLL : “The Adventures of Alice in Wonderland.”

DAVID AND GOLIATH

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the valley of Elah, and set the battle in array against the Philistines. And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side : and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of

Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had an helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us. And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together. When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid.

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him; and he came

to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle. For Israel and the Philistines had put the battle in array, army against army. And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren. And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them. And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid. And the men of Israel said, Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up: and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel. And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? For who is this Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God? And the people answered him after this manner, saying, So shall it be done to the man that killeth him. And when

the words were heard which David spake, they rehearsed them before Saul: and he sent for him.

And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine. And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth. And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

And Saul armed David with his armour, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David

girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David, he disdained him: for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

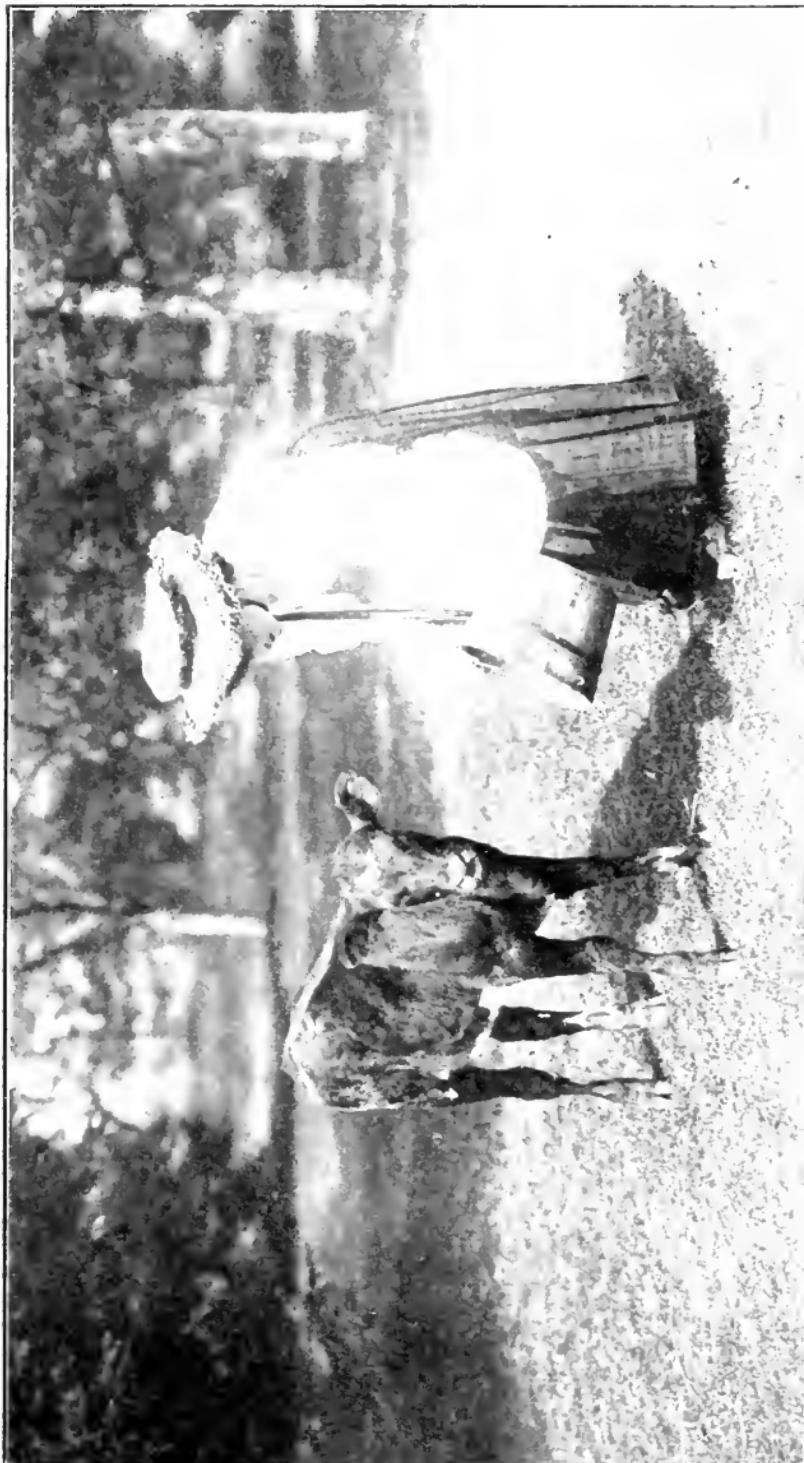
And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field.

Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will

the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth. So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David. Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

I. SAMUEL, XVII.



AT THE END OF THE MEAL

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !
Charge for the guns !” he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade !”
Was there a man dismay’d ?
Not tho’ the soldier knew
Some one had blunder’d :
Their’s not to make reply,
Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley’d and thunder’d ;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,

Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

TENNYSON

MAGGIE TULLIVER

MAGGIE and Tom came in from the garden with their father and their Uncle Glegg. Maggie had thrown her bonnet off very carelessly, and, coming in with her hair rough as well as out of curl, rushed at once to Lucy. The contrast between the two cousins was like the contrast between a rough, dark, overgrown puppy and a white kitten. Lucy put up the neatest little rosebud mouth to be kissed: everything about her was neat.

“Heyday!” said Aunt Glegg, with loud emphasis. “Do little boys and girls come into a room without taking notice of their uncles and

aunts? That wasn't the way when I was a little girl."

"Go and speak to your aunts and uncles, my dears," said Mrs. Tulliver. She wanted to whisper to Maggie a command to go and have her hair brushed.

"Well, and how do you do? And I hope you're good children, are you?" said Aunt Glegg, in the same loud, emphatic way. "Look up, Tom, look up. Look at me now. Put your hair behind your ears, Maggie, and keep your frock on your shoulder."

Aunt Glegg always spoke to them in this loud, emphatic way, as if she considered them deaf.

"Well, my dears," said Aunt Pullet, "you grow wonderfully fast,—I doubt they'll outgrow their strength. I think the girl has too much hair. I'd have it thinned and cut shorter, sister, if I were you; it isn't good for her health. It's that makes her skin so brown,—don't you think so, sister Deane?"

"I can't say, I'm sure, sister," said Mrs. Deane, shutting her lips close and looking at Maggie.

"No, no," said Mr. Tulliver, "the child's healthy enough: there's nothing ails her. There's red wheat as well as white, for that

matter, and some like the dark grain best. But it would be as well if Bessie would have the child's hair cut so it would lie smooth."

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her, and whispering in her ear, "go and get your hair brushed,—do, for shame! I told you not to come in without going to Martha first; you know I did."

"Tom, come out with me," whispered Maggie, pulling his sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough.

"Come upstairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door. "There's something I want to do before dinner."

"There's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom.

"Oh, yes, there is time for this—*do* come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer from which she took out a large pair of scissors.

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

"Oh, my buttons, Maggie, you'll catch it!" exclaimed Tom; "you'd better not cut any more off."

Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he could hardly help feeling it was rather good fun—Maggie looking so queer.

"Here, Tom, cut it behind for me," said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

"You'll catch it, you know," said Tom, hesitating a little as he took the scissors.

"Never mind—make haste!" said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

The black locks were so thick,—nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden pleasure of cutting the pony's mane. One delicious grinding snip, and then another and another, and the hinder locks fell heavily on the floor. Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

"Oh, Maggie," said Tom, jumping round her and slapping his knees as he laughed; "oh, my buttons, what a queer thing you look! Look at yourself in the glass."

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action. She didn't want her hair to look pretty—that was out of the question—she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her, the affair had quite a new aspect. She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale, and her lips to tremble a little.

“Oh, Maggie, you'll have to go down to dinner directly,” said Tom. “Oh, my !”

“Don't laugh at me, Tom,” said Maggie, in a passionate tone, and with an outburst of angry tears, stamping, and giving him a push.

“Now, then, spitfire!” said Tom. “What did you cut it off for, then? I shall go down: I can smell the dinner going in.”

Tom hurried down-stairs and left poor Maggie. As she stood crying before the glass, she felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom, and Lucy, and Martha,

who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would laugh at her. If Tom had laughed at her, of course everyone else would ; and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy, and had the apricot pudding and the custard ! What could she do but sob ?

“ Miss Maggie, you’re to come down this minute,” said Kezia, entering the room hurriedly. “ What have you been a-doing ? I never saw such a fright ! ”

“ Don’t, Kezia,” said Maggie, angrily. “ Go away ! ”

“ But I tell you, you’re to come down, Miss, this minute: your mother says so,” said Kezia, going up to Maggie and taking her by the hand to raise her from the floor.

“ Get away, Kezia ; I don’t want any dinner,” said Maggie, resisting Kezia’s arm. “ I shan’t come.”

“ Oh, well, I can’t stay. I’ve got to wait at dinner,” said Kezia, going out again.

“ Maggie, you little silly,” said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, “ why don’t you come and have your dinner ? There’s lots o’ goodies, and mother says you’re to come. What are you crying for ? ”

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned; if *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner, so nice; and she was *so* hungry. It was very bitter.

But Tom was not altogether hard. He went and put his head near her, and said, in a lower, comforting tone, "Won't you come, then, Maggie? Shall I bring you a bit of pudding when I've had mine—and a custard and things?"

"Ye-e-es," said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little more tolerable.

"Very well," said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door and said, "But you'd better come, you know. There's the dessert, you know."

Maggie's tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as Tom left her. His good nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering.

Slowly she rose from among her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way down-stairs. Then she stood leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-parlour door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side-table—it was too much. She slipped in and went towards the

empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented, and wished herself back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and dropped the large gravy-spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the table-cloth.

Mrs. Tulliver's scream made all eyes turn towards the same point as her own, and Maggie's cheeks and ears began to burn, while Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said, "Heyday! what little girl's this? Why, I don't know her. Is it some little girl you've picked up in the road, Kezia?"

"Why, she's gone and cut her hair herself," said Mr. Tulliver in an undertone to Mr. Deane, laughing with much enjoyment.

"Why, little Miss, you've made yourself look very funny," said Uncle Pullet.

"Fie, for shame!" said Aunt Glegg, in her severest tone of reproof. "Little girls that cut their own hair should be whipped and fed on bread and water, not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles."

"Aye, aye," said Uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn, "she must be sent to jail, I think, and they'll cut the rest of her hair off there, and make it all even."

"She's more like a gypsy than ever," said Aunt Pullet in a pitying tone.

"She's a naughty child, that'll break her mother's heart," said Mrs. Tulliver, with the tears in her eyes.

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger. Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard.

He whispered, "Oh, my! Maggie, I told you you'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy.

Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst out into loud sobbing. "Come, come," said her father, soothingly, putting his arm round her, "never mind; give over crying: father'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part"; she kept them in her heart, and thought of them long years after, when every one else said that her father had done very ill by his children.

GEORGE ELIOT: "The Mill on the Floss."
(Adapted)

THE CORN SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard !
 Heap high the golden corn !
No richer gift has Autumn poured
 From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean
 The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
 The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift
 Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
 Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
 Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
 Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
 Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
 The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moon-lit eyes,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board ;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls !

WHITTIER

SPORTS IN NORMAN ENGLAND

AFTER dinner all the youth of the city go into the field of the suburbs, and address themselves to the famous game of football. The scholars of each school have their peculiar ball; and the particular trades have, most of them, theirs. The elders of the city, the fathers of the parties, and the rich and wealthy, come to the field on horseback, in order to behold the exercises of the youth, and in appearance are themselves as youthful as the youngest; seeming to be revived at the sight of so much agility, and in a participation of the diversion of their festive sons.

At Easter the diversion is prosecuted on the water; a target is strongly fastened to a trunk or mast fixed in the middle of the river, and a youngster standing upright in the stern of a boat, made to move as fast as the oars and current can carry it, is to strike the target with his lance; and if, in hitting it, he breaks his lance and keeps his place in the boat, he gains his point and triumphs; but if it happens the lance is not shivered by the force of the blow, he is, of course, tumbled into the water, and away goes his vessel without him.

However, a couple of boats full of young men are placed one on each side of the target, so as to be ready to take up the unsuccessful adventurer the moment he emerges from the stream and comes fairly to the surface. The bridge and the balconies on the banks are filled with spectators, whose business is to laugh. On holidays, in summer, the pastime of the youth is to exercise themselves in archery, in running, leaping, wrestling, casting of stones, and flinging to certain distances, and, lastly, with bucklers.

In the winter holidays when that vast lake which waters the walls of the City towards the north is hard frozen, the youth, in great numbers, go to divert themselves on the ice. Some, taking a small run, place their feet at the proper distance, and are carried, sliding sideways, a great way; others will make a large cake of ice, and seating one of their companions upon it, they take hold of one another's hands, and draw him along: when it sometimes happens that, moving so swiftly on so slippery a plain, they all fall down headlong.

Others there are who are still more expert in these amusements on the ice; they place certain bones, the leg bones of some animal,

under the soles of their feet by tying them round their ankles, and, then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried along with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow. Sometimes two of them thus furnished agree to start opposite one to another, at a great distance; they meet, elevate their poles, attack and strike each other, when one or both of them fall, and not without some bodily hurt; and even after their fall they shall be carried a good distance from each other by the rapidity of the motion. Very often the leg or the arm of the party that falls, if he chances to light upon them, is broken; but youth is an age ambitious of glory, fond and covetous of victory, and that in future time it may acquit itself boldly and valiantly in real engagements, it will run these hazards in sham ones.

Hawking and hunting were sports only for persons of quality, and woe be to the unhappy man of the lower orders who indulged in either of these sports. If caught he would be severely punished and might have his eyes put out.



IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

After breakfast, knights with their ladies ride out, each bearing upon his wrist a falcon with scarlet hood and collar of gold. As they near the river a heron, who had been fishing for his breakfast among the reeds near the bank, hears them and spreading his wings flies upward. A knight slips the hood from the falcon's head and next instant he sees the heron. Away he darts, while knights and ladies rein in their horses and watch. Up, and up, he goes until he passes the heron and still he flies higher. Next instant he turns and, with a terrible swoop downwards, pounces upon the heron and kills it.

The knight sounds his whistle and instantly the falcon turns and darts back to him for the dainty food which is given as a reward for his good hunting. Then he is chained and hooded again till another bird rises. So the morning passes and many a bird do the falcons bring down before the knights and ladies return to the castle for "noon-meat."

WILLIAM FITZSTEPHEN
(Adapted)

AND He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age !

SHAKESPEARE

A SONG OF CANADA

SING me a song of the great Dominion !
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear !
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,
Voicing your notes that the world may hear ;
Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—
Shrinking aside where the Nations throng ;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Worthy is she of a noble song !

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,
Baring their brows in the dazzling blue ;
Changeless alone, where all else changes,
Emblems of all that is grand and true :
Free, as the eagles around them soaring ;
Fair, as they rose from their Maker's hand ;
Shout, till the snow-caps catch the chorus—
The white-topp'd peaks of our mountain land !

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests,
Silence eternal, and peace profound,
In whose great heart's deep recesses
Breaks no tempest, and comes no sound ;
Face to face with the deathlike stillness,
Here, if at all, man's soul might quail :
Nay ! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us
Thither, where solace will never fail !

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,
Cleaving their way to the far-off sea;
Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music—
Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.
Hark ! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids ;
Deep unto deep through the dead night
calls ;
Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom
Shouting her name from her fortress walls !

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,
League upon league of the golden grain :
Comfort, housed in the smiling homestead—
Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain.
Land of Contentment ! May no strife vex you,
Never war's flag on your plains be unfurl'd ;
Only the blessings of mankind reach you—
Finding the food for a hungry world !

Sing me the charm of her blazing camp fires ;
Sing me the quiet of her happy homes,
Whether afar 'neath the forest arches,
Or in the shade of the city's domes ;
Sing me her life, her loves, her labours ;
All of a mother a son would hear ;
For when a lov'd one's praise is sounding,
Sweet are the strains to the lover's ear.

Sing me the worth of each Canadian,
Roamer in wilderness—toiler in town—
Search earth over you'll find none stauncher,
Whether his hands be white or brown ;
Come of a right good stock to start with,
Best of the world's blood in each vein ;
Lords of ourselves, and slaves to no one,
For us or from us, you'll find we're—MEN!

Sing me the song, then ; sing it bravely ;
Put your soul in the words you sing ;
Sing me the praise of this glorious country—
Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring.
Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—
Crouching apart where the Nations throng ;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Well is she worthy a noble song !

ROBERT REID

A MAD TEA PARTY

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it : a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. “Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse,” thought

Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice, indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity: "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

“I do,” Alice hastily replied; “at least—at least I mean what I say—that’s the same thing, you know.”

“Not the same thing a bit!” said the Hatter. “Why, you might just as well say that ‘I see what I eat’ is the same thing as ‘I eat what I see’!”

“You might just as well say,” added the March Hare, “that ‘I like what I get’ is the same thing as ‘I get what I like’!”

“You might just as well say,” added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, that ‘I breathe when I sleep’ is the same thing as ‘I sleep when I breathe’!”

“It *is* the same thing with you,” said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn’t much.

“Have you guessed the riddle yet?” the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

“No, I give it up,” Alice replied: “what’s the answer?”

“I haven’t the slightest idea,” said the Hatter.

“Nor I,” said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. “I think you might do something better with the time,” she said,

“than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers.”

“Suppose we change the subject,” the March Hare interrupted, yawning. “I’m getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.”

“I’m afraid I don’t know one,” said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

“Then the Dormouse shall!” they both cried.

“Wake up, Dormouse!” And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. “I wasn’t asleep,” he said in a hoarse, feeble voice, “I heard every word you fellows were saying.”

“Tell us a story!” said the March Hare.

“Yes, please do!” pleaded Alice.

“And be quick about it,” added the Hatter, “or you’ll be asleep again before it’s done.”

“Once upon a time there were three little sisters,” the Dormouse began in a great hurry, “and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—”

“What did they live on?” said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

“They lived on treacle,” said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse, "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "It's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

“There’s no such thing!” Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went “Sh! Sh!” and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, “If you can’t be civil, you’d better finish the story for yourself.”

“No, please go on!” Alice said, very humbly, “I won’t interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*.”

“One, indeed!” said the Dormouse, indignantly. However he consented to go on. “And so these three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know—”

“What did they draw?” said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

“Treacle,” said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

“I want a clean cup,” interrupted the Hatter, “let’s all move one place on.”

He moved as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him: the March Hare moved into the Dormouse’s place, and Alice, rather unwillingly, took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change: and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse,—"well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M—"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on, "—that

begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are ‘much of a muchness’—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?”

“Really, now you ask me,” said Alice, very much confused, “I don’t think—”

“Then you shouldn’t talk,” said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear: she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her: the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

LEWIS CARROLL: “The Adventures of Alice in Wonderland.”

THE SLAVE'S DREAM

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,

His sickle in his hand;

His breast was bare, his matted hair

Was buried in the sand.

Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,

He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds,
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

LONGFELLOW

READING maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtle ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

BACON

THE CHASE

EARLY one August morning a doe was feeding on Basin Mountain.

The sole companion of the doe was her only child, a charming little fawn, whose brown coat was just beginning to be mottled with beautiful spots.

The buck, its father, had been that night on a long tramp across the mountain to Clear Pond, and had not yet returned. He went to feed on the lily pads there.

The doe was daintily cropping tender leaves and turning from time to time to regard her offspring. The fawn had taken his morning meal and now lay curled up on a bed of moss.

If the mother stepped a pace or two farther away in feeding, the fawn made a half movement, as if to rise and follow her. If, in alarm, he uttered a plaintive cry, she bounded to him at once.

It was a pretty picture,—maternal love on the one part, and happy trust on the other.

The doe lifted her head with a quick motion. Had she heard something? Probably it was only the south wind in the balsams. There was

silence all about in the forest. With an affectionate glance at her fawn she continued picking up her breakfast.

But suddenly she started, head erect, eyes dilated, a tremor in her limbs. She turned her head to the south ; she listened intently.

There was a sound, a distinct, prolonged note, pervading the woods. It was repeated. The doe had no doubt now. It was the baying of a hound—far off, at the foot of the mountain.

Time enough to fly ; time enough to put miles between her and the hound before he should come upon her fresh trail ; yes, time enough. But there was the fawn.

The cry of the hound was repeated, more distinct this time. The mother bounded away a few paces. The fawn started up with an anxious bleat. The doe turned ; she came back ; she couldn't leave it.

She walked away toward the west, and the little thing skipped after her. It was slow going for the slender legs, over the fallen logs and through the rasping bushes. The doe bounded in advance and waited. The fawn scrambled after her, slipping and tumbling along, and whining a good deal because its mother kept always moving away from it.

Whenever the fawn caught up, he was quite content to frisk about. He wanted more breakfast, for one thing; and his mother wouldn't stand still. She moved on continually; and his weak legs were tangled in the roots of the narrow deer path.

Suddenly came a sound that threw the doe into a panic of terror.—a short, sharp yelp, followed by a prolonged howl, caught up and reëchoed by other bayings along the mountain side. The danger was certain now; it was near. She could not crawl on in this way; the dogs would soon be upon them. She turned again for flight. The fawn, scrambling after her, tumbled over, and bled piteously. Flight with the fawn was impossible.

The doe returned, stood by it, head erect and nostrils distended. Perhaps she was thinking. The fawn lay down contentedly, and the doe licked him for a moment. Then, with the swiftness of a bird, she dashed away, and in a moment was lost in the forest. She went in the direction of the hounds.

She descended the slope of the mountain until she reached the more open forest of hard wood. She was going due east, when she turned away toward the north, and kept on at a good pace.

In five minutes more she heard the sharp yelp of discovery, and then the deep-mouthing howl of pursuit. The hounds had struck her trail where she turned, and the fawn was safe.

For the moment fear left her, and she bounded on with the exaltation of triumph. For a quarter of an hour she went on at a slapping pace, clearing the bushes with bound after bound, flying over the fallen logs, pausing neither for brook nor ravine. The baying of the hounds grew fainter behind.

After running at high speed perhaps half a mile farther, it occurred to her that it would be safe now to turn to the west, and, by a wide circuit, seek her fawn. But at the moment she heard a sound that chilled her heart. It was the cry of a hound to the west of her. There was nothing to do but to keep on, and on she went, with the noise of the pack behind her.

In five minutes more she had passed into a hillside clearing. She heard a tinkle of bells. Below her, down the mountain slope, were other clearings broken by patches of woods. A mile or two down lay the valley and the farmhouses. That way also her enemies were. Not a merciful heart in all that lovely valley. She hesitated; it was only for an instant.

She must cross the Slide Brook valley, if possible, and gain the mountain opposite. She bounded on ; she stopped. What was that? From the valley ahead came the cry of a searching hound. Every way was closed but one, and that led straight down the mountain to the cluster of houses. The hunted doe went down "the open," clearing the fences, flying along the stony path.

As she approached Slide Brook, she saw a boy standing by a tree with a raised rifle. The dogs were not in sight, but she could hear them coming down the hill. There was no time for hesitation. With a tremendous burst of speed she cleared the stream, and as she touched the bank heard the "ping" of a rifle bullet in the air above her. The cruel sound gave wings to the poor thing.

In a moment more she leaped into the travelled road. Women and children ran to the doors and windows; men snatched their rifles. There were twenty people who were just going to shoot her, when the doe leaped the road fence, and went away across a marsh toward the foothills.

By this time the dogs, panting and lolling out their tongues, came swinging along, keeping the trail, like stupids, and consequently losing

ground when the deer doubled. But when the doe had got into the timber, she heard the savage brutes howling across the meadow. (It is well enough, perhaps, to say that nobody offered to shoot the dogs.)

The courage of the panting fugitive was not gone, but the fearful pace at which she had been going told on her. Her legs trembled, and her heart beat like a trip-hammer. She slowed her speed, but still fled up the right bank of the stream. The dogs were gaining again, and she crossed the broad, deep brook. The fording of the river threw the hounds off for a time. She used the little respite to push on until the baying was faint in her ears.

Late in the afternoon she staggered down the shoulder of Bartlett, and stood upon the shore of the lake. If she could put that piece of water between her and her pursuers, she would be safe. Had she strength to swim it?

At her first step into the water she saw a sight that sent her back with a bound. There was a boat mid-lake; two men were in it. One was rowing; the other had a gun in his hand. What should she do? With only a moment's hesitation she plunged into the lake. Her tired legs could not propel the tired body rapidly.

The doe saw the boat nearing her. She turned to the shore whence she came; the dogs were lapping the water and howling there. She turned again to the centre of the lake. The brave, pretty creature was quite exhausted now. In a moment more the boat was on her and the man at the oars had leaned over and caught her.

“Knock her on the head with that paddle!” he shouted to the gentleman in the stern. The gentleman *was* a gentleman, with a kind face. He took the paddle in his hand. Just then the doe turned her head and looked at him with her great appealing eyes.

“I can’t do it! I can’t do it!” and he dropped the paddle. “Oh, let her go!”

But the guide slung the deer round, and whipped out his hunting-knife. And the gentleman ate that night of the venison.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
(Adapted)

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The pious Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay ;
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring ;
It made him whistle, it made him sing :
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he: "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph: "The next who comes to the
Rock

Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away;
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is, they see no land.

Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

“Canst hear,” said one, “the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.”
“Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell.”

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock;
Cried they: “It is the Inchcape Rock!”

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair:
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

SOUTHEY

A ROUGH RIDE

“WELL, young ones, what be gaping at?”

“Your mare,” said I, standing stoutly up,
being a tall boy now; “I never saw such a
beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride on
her?”

“Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her! Tut! I would be loath to kill thee.”

“Ride her!” I cried, with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; “there never was a horse upon Exmoor but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take those leathers off of her.”

He looked at me with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed, and approved her for doing so. And the worst of all was—he said nothing.

“Get away, Annie. Do you think I’m a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not override her.”

“For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother’s cabbages. And the mellow strawbed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother’s cousin, boy, and I’m going up to the house. Tom Faggus is my

name, as everybody knows, and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once! Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young blood mare, the strawberry.

Already her fame was noised abroad nearly as much as her master's, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse-trickery, but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me; especially as there were rumours abroad that she was not a mare, after all, but a witch.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life, yet dropping her soul to a higher one, and led by love to anything, as the manner is of such creatures, when they know what is best for them. Then Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

"Up for it still, boy, be ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

“ Is she able to leap, sir? There is good take-off on this side of the brook.”

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the fun lay.

“ Good tumble-off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family, and know the substance of their skulls.”

“ Let me get up,” said I, waxing wroth, for reasons I cannot tell you, because they are too manifold; “ take off your saddle-bag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me.”

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle at this proud speech of mine, and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dadds, and half a dozen others. Tom Faggus gave one glance around, and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance, and stupid ways, here was I in a duello, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as a herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarcely subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the mixen. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment. She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minceed about as if pleased to find so light a weight upon her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. "Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on, being then at the leaving-off time; "Gee wugg, Polly, and show what thou be'est made of." With that I plugged my heels into her, and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro with her strong forearms rising like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her master gave a shrill, clear whistle, when her

ears were bent towards him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright in the air, and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled worse than Robin Snell made me; and then down with her forefeet deep in the straw, and with her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her still like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before or since, I trow.

She drove full head at the cob wall—"Oh, Jack, slip off!" screamed Annie—then she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. "Dear me!" I cried, for my breeches were broken, and short words went the furthest—"if you kill me, you shall die with me." Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then right over a quick-set hedge, as if the sky were a breath to her; and away for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child, and wished I had never been born.

Straight away, all in the front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her, all I knew of

the speed we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away, and the air left far behind us, and my breath came and went, and I prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late of it.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it, and leaped the wide water-trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog-briers got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish, till I longed to give it up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses.

But there came a shrill whistle from up the home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us, and the mare stopped as if with a bullet, then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent, and graceful, and ambient, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning.

I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it; and though she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the soft mud.

“Well done, lad,” Mr. Faggus said, good-naturedly; for all were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground, somewhat tottering, and miry, and crest-fallen, but otherwise none the worse (having fallen upon my head, which is of uncommon substance); “not at all bad work, my boy; we may teach you to ride by and by, I see; I thought not to see you stick on so long—”

“I should have stuck on much longer, sir, if her sides had not been wet. She was so slippery—”

“Boy, thou art right. She hath given many the slip. Ha! ha! Vex not, Jack, that I laugh at thee. She is like a sweetheart to me, and better than any of them be. It would have gone to my heart if thou hadst conquered. None but I can ride my Winnie mare.”

R. D. BLACKMORE: “Lorna Doone.”

FULL many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

GRAY

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED

My beautiful ! my beautiful ! that standest
meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and
dark and fiery eye ;
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy
wingèd speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold,
my Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the
breezy wind,
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I
behind ;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master
hath his gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful ! farewell ! thou'rt
sold, my steed, thou'rt sold !

Farewell ! those free untired limbs full many a
mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds
the stranger's home ;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn
and bed prepare ;
The silky mane I braided once must be another's
care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never
more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where
we were wont to be :
Evening shall darken on the earth ; and o'er
the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear
me home again.

Yes, thou must go ! the wild free breeze, the
brilliant sun and sky,
Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled
one must fly.
Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy
step become less fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy
master's hand to meet.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye
glancing bright ;
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm
and light ;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or
cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt sold
my Arab steed !

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel
hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along
thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy
indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count
each startled vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no,
it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle,
yet so free.
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone my lonely
heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now,
command thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy
master do,
When thou who wert his all of joy, hast vanished
from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and
through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false
mirage appears.

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary
step alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou
oft hast borne me on !
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause
and sadly think :
It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last
I saw him drink !

When last I saw thee drink !—Away ! the
fevered dream is o'er ;
I could not live a day, and know that we should
meet no more !
They tempted me, my beautiful ! for hunger's
power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful ! but I have
loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up, who said
that thou wert sold ?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed ! I fling
them back their gold.
Thus, thus I leap upon thy back, and scour the
distant plains,
Away ! who overtakes us now shall claim thee
for his pains !

THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON

THE POET'S SONG

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
He pass'd by the town and out of the street,
A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
And he sat him down in a lonely place,
And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
And the lark drop down at his feet.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
The snake slipt under a spray,
The wild hawk stood with the down on his
beak,
And stared, with his foot on the prey,
And the nightingale thought, " I have sung
many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away."

TENNYSON

NEVER to tire, never to grow cold ; to be patient,
sympathetic, tender ; to look for the budding
flower, and the opening heart ; to hope always ;
like God, to love always—this is duty. AMIEL

ADVENTURE WITH A WHALE

I GAILY flung myself into my place in the mate's boat one morning, as we were departing in chase of a magnificent cachalot that had been raised just after breakfast. There were no other vessels in sight,—much to our satisfaction,—the wind was light, with a cloudless sky, and the whale was dead to leeward of us. We sped along at a good rate towards our prospective victim, who was, in his leisurely enjoyment of life, calmly lolling on the surface, occasionally lifting his enormous tail out of water and letting it fall flat upon the surface with a boom audible for miles.

We were, as usual, first boat; but, much to the mate's annoyance, when we were a short half-mile from the whale our main-sheet parted. It became immediately necessary to roll the sail up, lest its flapping should alarm the watchful monster, and this delayed us sufficiently to allow the other boats to shoot ahead of us. Thus the second mate got fast some seconds before we arrived on the scene, seeing which, we furled sail, unshipped the mast, and went in on him with the oars only. At first the pro-

ceedings were quite of the usual character, our chief wielding his lance in most brilliant fashion, while not being fast to the animal allowed us much greater freedom in our evolutions; but that fatal habit of the mate's—of allowing his boat to take care of herself so long as he was getting in some good home-thrusts—once more asserted itself. Although the whale was exceedingly vigorous, churning the sea into yeasty foam over an enormous area, there we wallowed close to him, right in the middle of the turmoil, actually courting disaster.

He had just settled down for a moment, when, glancing over the gunwale, I saw his tail, like a vast shadow, sweeping away from us towards the second mate, who was lying off the other side of him. Before I had time to think, the mighty mass of gristle leaped into the sunshine, curved back from us like a huge bow. Then with a roar it came at us, released from its tension of Heaven knows how many tons. Full on the broadside it struck us, sending every soul but me flying out of the wreckage as if fired from catapults. I did not go because my foot was jammed somehow in the well of the boat, but the wrench nearly pulled my thigh-bone out of its socket. I had hardly released

my foot when, towering above me, came the colossal head of the great creature, as he ploughed through the bundle of *débris* that had just been a boat. There was an appalling roar of water in my ears, and darkness that might be felt all around. Yet, in the midst of it all, one thought predominated as clearly as if I had been turning it over in my mind in the quiet of my bunk aboard—"What if he should swallow me?" Nor to this day can I understand how I escaped the portals of his gullet, which of course gaped wide as a church door. But the agony of holding my breath soon over-powered every other feeling and thought, till just as something was going to snap inside my head I rose to the surface. I was surrounded by a welter of bloody froth, which made it impossible for me to see; but oh, the air was sweet!

I struck out blindly, instinctively, although I could feel so strong an eddy that voluntary progress was out of the question. My hand touched and clung to a rope, which immediately towed me in some direction—I neither knew nor cared whither. Soon the motion ceased, and, with a seaman's instinct, I began to haul myself along by the rope I grasped, although no definite idea was in my mind as to where it

was attached. Presently I came butt up against something solid, the feel of which gathered all my scattered wits into a compact knob of dread. It was the whale! "Any port in a storm," I murmured, beginning to haul away again on my friendly line. By dint of hard work I pulled myself right up the sloping, slippery bank of blubber, until I reached the iron, which, as luck would have it, was planted in that side of the carcass now uppermost.

Carcass I said—well, certainly I had no idea of there being any life remaining within the vast mass beneath me; yet I had hardly time to take a couple of turns round myself with the rope (or whale-line, as I had proved it to be), when I felt the great animal quiver all over, and begin to forge ahead. I was now composed enough to remember that help could not be far away, and that my rescue, providing that I could keep above water, was but a question of a few minutes. But I was hardly prepared for the whale's next move. Being very near his end, the boat, or boats, had drawn off a bit, I supposed, for I could see nothing of them. Then I remembered the flurry.

Almost at the same moment it began; and there was I, who, with fearful admiration

had so often watched the titanic convulsions of a dying cachalot, actually involved in them. The turns were off my body, but I was able to twist a couple of turns round my arms, which, in case of his sounding, I could readily let go. Then all was lost in roar and rush, as of the heart of some mighty cataract, during which I was sometimes above, sometimes beneath, the water, but always clinging, with every ounce of energy still left, to the line. Now, one thought was uppermost—"What if he should breach?" I had seen them do so when in flurry, leaping full twenty feet in the air. Then I prayed.

Quickly as all the preceding changes had passed, came perfect peace. There I lay, still alive, but so weak that, although I could feel the turns slipping off my arms, and knew that I should slide off the slope of the whale's side into the sea if they did, I could make no effort to secure myself. Everything then passed away from me, just as if I had gone to sleep. I do not at all understand how I kept my position, nor how long, but I awoke to the blessed sound of voices, and saw the second mate's boat alongside.

FRANK T. BULLEN: "The Cruise of the Cachalot."

THE MAPLE

ALL hail to the broad-leaved Maple !
With her fair and changeful dress—
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness ;
Whether in Spring or Summer,
Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
She's fairest of them all.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
Her graceful form is seen,
Her wide, umbrageous branches
The sunburnt reaper screen ;
'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
Her livelier colours shine,
Like the dawn of the brighter future
On the settler's hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hilltop,
Whispers on breezy downs,
And casts refreshing shadows
O'er the streets of our busy towns ;
She gladdens the aching eyeball,
Shelters the weary head,
And scatters her crimson glories
On the graves of the silent dead.

When winter's frosts are yielding
To the sun's returning sway,
And merry groups are speeding
To sugar-woods away;
The sweet and welling juices,
Which form their welcome spoil,
Tell of the teeming plenty,
Which here waits honest toil.

When sweet-toned Spring, soft-breathing,
Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
And the forest boughs are swaying
Like the green waves of the deep;
In her fair and budding beauty,
A fitting emblem she
Of this our land of promise,
Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
Droop silently and fall,
Like drops of life-blood welling
From a warrior brave and tall;
They tell how fast and freely
Would her children's blood be shed,
Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
Should echo a foeman's tread.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple !
With her fair and changeful dress—
A type of our youthful country
In its pride and loveliness ;
Whether in Spring or Summer,
Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
She's fairest of them all.

H. F. DARNELL

DAMON AND PYTHIAS

IN Syracuse there was so hard a ruler that the people made a plot to drive him out of the city. The plot was discovered, and the king commanded that the leaders should be put to death. One of these, named Damon, lived at some distance from Syracuse. He asked that before he was put to death he might be allowed to go home to say good-bye to his family, promising that he would then come back to die at the appointed time.

The king did not believe that he would keep his word, and said, "I will not let you go unless you find some friend who will come and stay in your place. Then, if you are not back on the day set for execution, I shall put your friend to

death in your stead." The king thought to himself, "Surely no one will ever take the place of a man condemned to death."

Now, Damon had a very dear friend, named Pythias, who at once came forward and offered to stay in prison while Damon was allowed to go away. The king was very much surprised, but he had given his word; Damon was therefore permitted to leave for home, while Pythias was shut up in prison.

Many days passed, the time for the execution was close at hand, and Damon had not come back. The king, curious to see how Pythias would behave, now that death seemed so near, went to the prison.

"Your friend will never return," he said to Pythias.

"You are wrong," was the answer. "Damon will be here if he can possibly come. But he has to travel by sea, and the winds have been blowing the wrong way for several days. However, it is much better that I should die than he. I have no wife and no children, and I love my friend so well that it would be easier to die for him than to live without him. So I am hoping and praying that he may be delayed until my head has fallen."

The king went away more puzzled than ever.

The fatal day arrived but Damon had not come. Pythias was brought forward and led upon the scaffold. "My prayers are heard," he cried. "I shall be permitted to die for my friend. But mark my words. Damon is faithful and true; you will yet have reason to know that he has done his utmost to be here!"

Just at this moment a man came galloping up at full speed, on a horse covered with foam! It was Damon. In an instant he was on the scaffold, and had Pythias in his arms. "My beloved friend," he cried, "the gods be praised that you are safe. What agony have I suffered in the fear that my delay was putting your life in danger!"

There was no joy in the face of Pythias, for he did not care to live if his friend must die. But the king had heard all. At last he was forced to believe in the unselfish friendship of these two. His hard heart melted at the sight, and he set them both free, asking only that they would be his friends also.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

HONOUR and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

POPE

THE WRECK OF THE ORPHEUS

ALL day, amid the masts and shrouds,
They hung above the wave ;
The sky o'er head was dark with clouds,
And dark beneath, their grave.
The water leaped against its prey,
Breaking with heavy crash,
And when some slack'ning hands gave way,
They fell with dull, low splash.

Captain and man ne'er thought to swerve ;
The boats went to and fro ;
With cheery face and tranquil nerve,
Each saw his brother go.
Each saw his brother go, and knew
As night came swiftly on,
That less and less his own chance grew—
Night fell, and hope was gone.

The saved stood on the steamer's deck,
Straining their eyes to see
Their comrades clinging to the wreck,
Upon that surging sea,
And still they gazed into the dark,
Till on their startled ears,
There came from that swift-sinking bark
A sound of gallant cheers.

Again, and yet again it rose ;
Then silence round them fell—
Silence of death—and each man knows
It was a last farewell.
No cry of anguish, no wild shriek
Of men in agony—
No dropping down of watchers weak,
Weary and glad to die.

But death met with three British cheers—
Cheers of immortal fame ;
For us the choking, blinding tears—
For them a glorious name.
Oh England, while thy sailor-host
Can live and die like these,
Be thy broad lands or won or lost,
Thou'rt mistress of the seas !

C. A. L.

THE TIDE RIVER

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
 By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
 Foul and dank, foul and dank,
 By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
 Darker and darker the further I go,
 Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
 Who dare sport with the sin defiled ?
 Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and
 child.

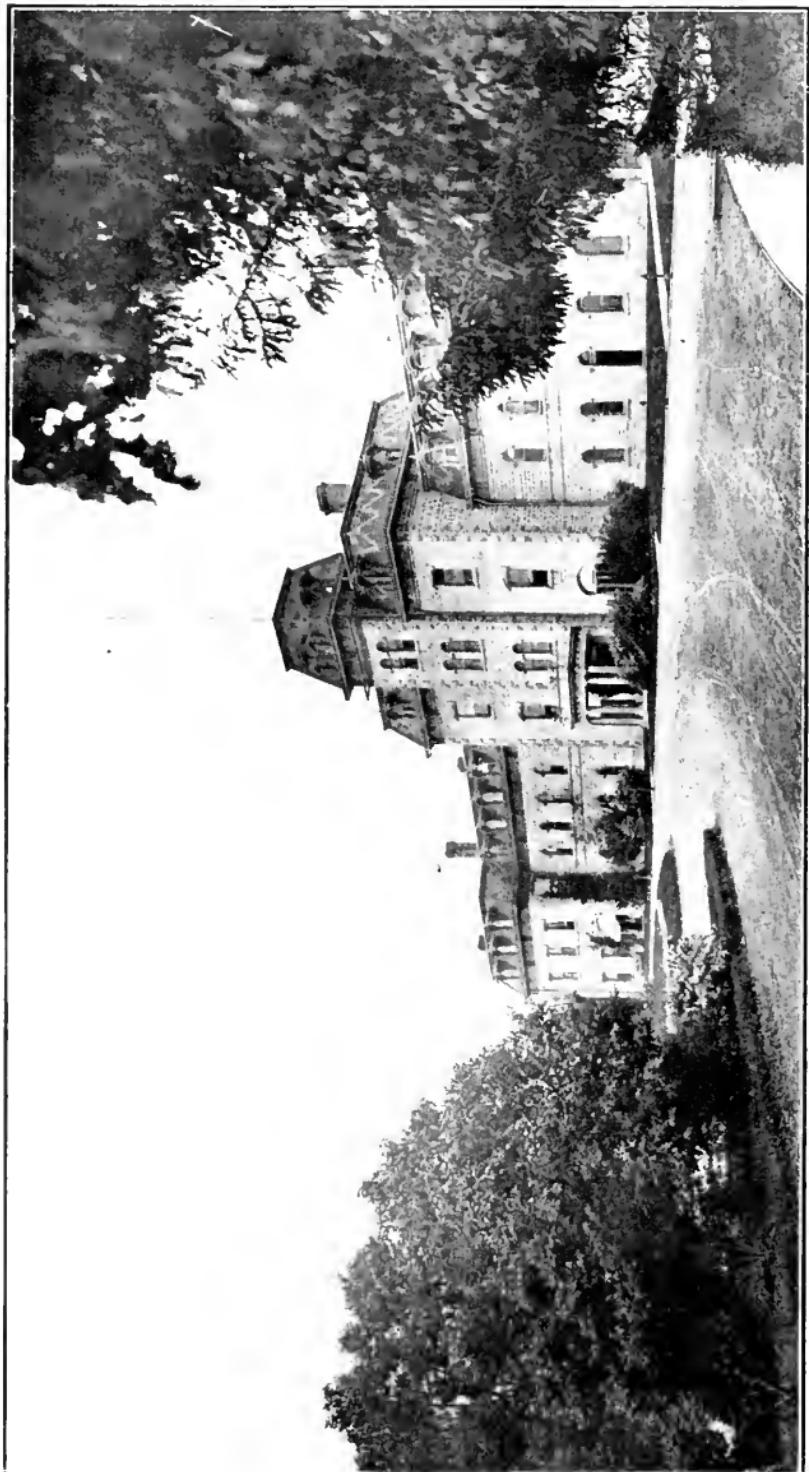
Strong and free, strong and free,
 The flood-gates are open, away to the sea ;
 Free and strong, free and strong,
 Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
 To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
 And the taintless tide that awaits me afar ;
 As I lose myself in the infinite main,
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned
 again.

Undefiled, for the undefiled ;
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

KINGSLEY

THE best result of all education is the acquired
 power of making yourself do what you ought to
 do, when you ought to do it, whether you like
 it or not.

HUXLEY



ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

WISDOM THE SUPREME PRIZE

My son, despise not the chastening of the LORD ;
Neither be weary of his reproof :
For whom the LORD loveth he reproveth ;
Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better than the
merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies :
And none of the things thou canst desire
are to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand ;
In her left hand are riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold
upon her :
And happy is every one that retaineth her.

The LORD by wisdom founded the earth ;
By understanding he established the heavens.
By his knowledge the depths were broken up,
And the skies drop down the dew.

THE ORCHARD

THERE'S no garden like an orchard,
Nature shows no fairer thing
Than the apple trees in blossom
In these late days o' the spring.

Here the robin redbreast's nesting,
Here, from golden dawn till night,
Honey bees are gaily swimming
In a sea of pink and white.

Just a sea of fragrant blossoms,
Steeped in sunshine, drenched in dew,
Just a fragrant breath which tells you
Earth is fair again and new.

Just a breath of subtle sweetness,
Breath which holds the spice o' youth,
Holds the promise o' the summer—
Holds the best o' things, forsooth.

There's no garden like an orchard,
Nature shows no fairer thing
Than the apple trees in blossom
In these late days o' the spring.

JEAN BLEWETT

INSPIRED BY THE SNOW

THE black squirrel delights in the new-fallen snow like a boy—a real boy, with red hands as well as red cheeks, and an automatic mechanism of bones and muscles capable of all things except rest. The first snow sends a thrill of joy through every fibre of such a boy, and a thousand delights crowd into his mind. The gliding, falling coasters on the hills, the passing sleighs with niches on the runners for his feet, the flying snowballs, the sliding-places, the broad, tempting ice, all whirl through his mind in a delightful panorama, and he hurries out to catch the elusive flakes in his outstretched hands and to shout aloud in the gladness of his heart. And the black squirrel becomes a boy with the first snow. What a pity he cannot shout! There is a superabundant joy and life in his long, graceful bounds, when his beautiful form, in its striking contrast with the white snow, seems magnified to twice its real size. Perhaps there is vanity as well as joy in his lithe, bounding motions among the naked trees, for nature seems to have done her utmost to provide a setting that would best display his graces of form and motion.

When the falling snow clings in light, airy masses on the spruces and pines, and festoons the naked tracery and clustering winter buds of the maples—when the still air seems to fix every twig and branch and clinging mass of snow in a solid medium of crystal, the spell of stillness is broken by the silent but joyful leaps of the hurrying squirrel. How alive he seems, in contrast with the silence of the snow, as his outlines contrast with its perfect white! His body curves and elongates with regular undulations as he measures off the snow with twin footprints. Away in the distance he is still visible among the naked trunks, a moving patch of animated blackness. His free, regular footprints are all about, showing where he has run hither and thither, with no apparent purpose except to manifest his joy in life.

His red-haired cousin comes to a lofty opening in a hollow tree and looks out with an expression of disappointment on his face. He does not like the snow-covered landscape spread out so artistically before him. It makes him tired, and he has not enough energy to scold an intruder, as he would in the comfortable days of summer. No amount of coaxing or tapping will tempt him from his lofty watch tower, or

win more recognition than a silent look of weary discontent. Another cousin, the chipmunk, no longer displays his daintily-striped coat. Oblivious in his burrow, he is sleeping away the days, and waiting for a more congenial season.

But the black squirrel, now among the branches of an elm, is twitching from one rigid attitude to another, electrified by the crisp atmosphere and the inspiration of the snow. Again he is leaping over the white surface to clamber up the repellent bark of a tall hickory. Among the larger limbs he disappears. As he never attempts to hide he must have retired into his own dwelling to partake of the store laid by in the season of plenty. Hickory nuts are his favourite food, and the hard shells seem but an appetizing relish. He knows the value of frugality, and gathers them before they are ripe, throwing down the shrivelled and unfilled, that the boys may not annoy him with stones and sticks. In winter he is the happiest of all the woodland family. He does not yield to the drowsy, numbing influence of the cold, nor to the depression of a season of scanty fare, but bounds along from tree to tree, inspired by the subtle spirit of winter and revelling in the joy of being alive.

S. T. Wood

THE SQUIRREL

DRAWN from his refuge in some lonely elm
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
To frisk a while, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play.
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighbouring beech ; there whisks
 his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps and scolds
 aloud,
With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

COWPER

SOLDIER, REST

“SOLDIER, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.

SOLDIER REST

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more :
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

“No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour’s clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Musterling clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark’s shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here’s no war-steed’s neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.”

SCOTT : “The Lady of the Lake.”

FISHING

ONE fine Thursday afternoon, Tom, having borrowed East’s new rod, started by himself to the river. He fished for some time with small success, not a fish would rise to him ; but as he prowled along the bank, he was presently aware of mighty ones feeding in a pool on the opposite

side, under the shade of a huge willow tree. The stream was deep here, but some fifty yards below was a shallow, for which he made off hot-foot; and forgetting landlords, keepers, solemn prohibitions of the Doctor, and everything else, pulled up his trousers, plunged across, and in three minutes was creeping along on all fours towards the clump of willows.

It isn't often that great chub, or any other coarse fish, are in earnest about anything; but just then they were thoroughly bent on feeding, and in half-an-hour Master Tom had deposited three thumping fellows at the foot of the giant willow. As he was baiting for a fourth pounder, and just going to throw in again, he became aware of a man coming up the bank not one hundred yards off. Another look told him that it was the under-keeper. Could he reach the shallow before him? No, not carrying his rod. Nothing for it but the tree. So Tom laid his bones to it, shinning up as fast as he could and dragging up his rod after him. He had just time to reach and crouch along upon a huge branch some ten feet up, which stretched out over the river, when the keeper arrived at the clump.

Tom's heart beat fast as he came under the tree ; two steps more and he would have passed, when, as ill-luck would have it, the gleam on the scales of the dead fish caught his eye, and he made a dead point at the foot of the tree. He picked up the fish one by one ; his eye and touch told him that they had been alive and feeding within the hour.

Tom crouched lower along the branch, and heard the keeper beating the clump. "If I could only get the rod hidden," thought he, and began gently shifting it to get it alongside of him : "willow trees don't throw out straight hickory shoots twelve feet long, with no leaves, worse luck." Alas ! the keeper catches the rustle, and then a sight of the rod, and then of Tom's hand and arm.

"Oh, be up ther', be 'ee ?" says he, running under the tree. "Now you come down this minute."

"Tree'd at last," thinks Tom, making no answer, and keeping as close as possible, but working away at the rod, which he takes to pieces. "I'm in for it, unless I can starve him out."

And then he begins to meditate getting along the branch for a plunge, and scramble to the

other side; but the small branches are so thick, and the opposite bank so difficult, that the keeper will have lots of time to get round by the ford before he can get out, so he gives that up. And now he hears the keeper beginning to scramble up the trunk. That will never do; so he scrambles himself back to where his branch joins the trunk, and stands with lifted rod.

“Hullo, Velveteens, mind your fingers if you come any higher.”

The keeper stops and looks up, and then with a grin says: “Oh! be you, be it, young measter? Well, here’s luck. Now I tells ‘ee to come down at once, and ‘t’ll be best for ‘ee.”

“Thank ‘ee, Velveteens, I’m very comfortable,” said Tom, shortening the rod in his hand, and preparing for battle.

“Werry well, please yourself,” says the keeper, descending, however, to the ground again, and taking his seat on the bank. “I bean’t in no hurry, so you med take your time. I’ll larn ‘ee to gee honest folk names afore I’ve done with ‘ee.”

“My luck as usual,” thinks Tom; “what a fool I was to give him a black! If I’d called him ‘keeper,’ now, I might get off. The return match is all his way.”

The keeper quietly proceeded to take out his pipe, fill, and light it, keeping an eye on Tom, who now sat disconsolately across the branch, looking at the keeper—a pitiful sight for men and fishes. The more he thought of it the less he liked it.

“It must be getting near second calling-over,” thinks he. Keeper smokes on stolidly. “If he takes me up, I shall be flogged safe enough. I can’t sit here all night. Wonder if he’ll rise at silver.”

“I say, keeper,” said he, meekly, “let me go for two bob?”

“Not for twenty neither,” grunts his persecutor.

And so they sat on till long past second calling-over; and the sun came slanting in through the willow-branches, and telling of locking-up near at hand.

“I’m coming down, keeper,” said Tom at last, with a sigh, fairly tired out. “Now what are you going to do?”

“Walk ‘ee up to School, and give ‘ee over to the Doctor; them’s my orders,” says Velveteens, knocking the ashes out of his fourth pipe, and standing up and shaking himself.

"Very good," said Tom ; "but hands off, you know. I'll go with you quietly, so no collaring or that sort of thing."

Keeper looked at him a minute : "Werry good," said he at last. And so Tom descended, and wended his way drearily by the side of the keeper up to the School-house, where they arrived just at locking-up.

As they passed the School-gates, the Tadpole and several others who were standing there caught the state of things, and rushed out, crying: "Rescue!" but Tom shook his head, so they only followed to the Doctor's gate, and went back sorely puzzled.

How changed and stern the Doctor seemed from the last time that Tom was up there, as the keeper told the story, not omitting to state how Tom had called him blackguard names. "Indeed, sir," broke in the culprit, "it was only Velveteens." The Doctor only asked one question.

"You know the rule about the banks, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then wait for me to-morrow, after first lesson."

"I thought so," muttered Tom.

"And about the rod, sir?" went on the keeper. "Master's told we as we might have all the rods——"

"Oh, please, sir," broke in Tom, "the rod isn't mine."

The Doctor looked puzzled, but the keeper, who was a good-hearted fellow, and melted at Tom's evident distress, gave up his claim.

Tom was flogged next morning, and a few days afterwards met Velveteens, and presented him with half-a-crown for giving up the rod claim, and they became sworn friends; and I regret to say that Tom had many more fish from under the willow that May-fly season, and was never caught again by Velveteens.

HUGHES : "Tom Brown's School Days."

THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night !

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow !

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward
Never aweary;—

Glad of all weathers;
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;—

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment
Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;—

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !

O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON

TRY to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life, that is the most wholesome society ; learn to admire rightly ; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admired : they admired great things ; narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly.

THACKERAY

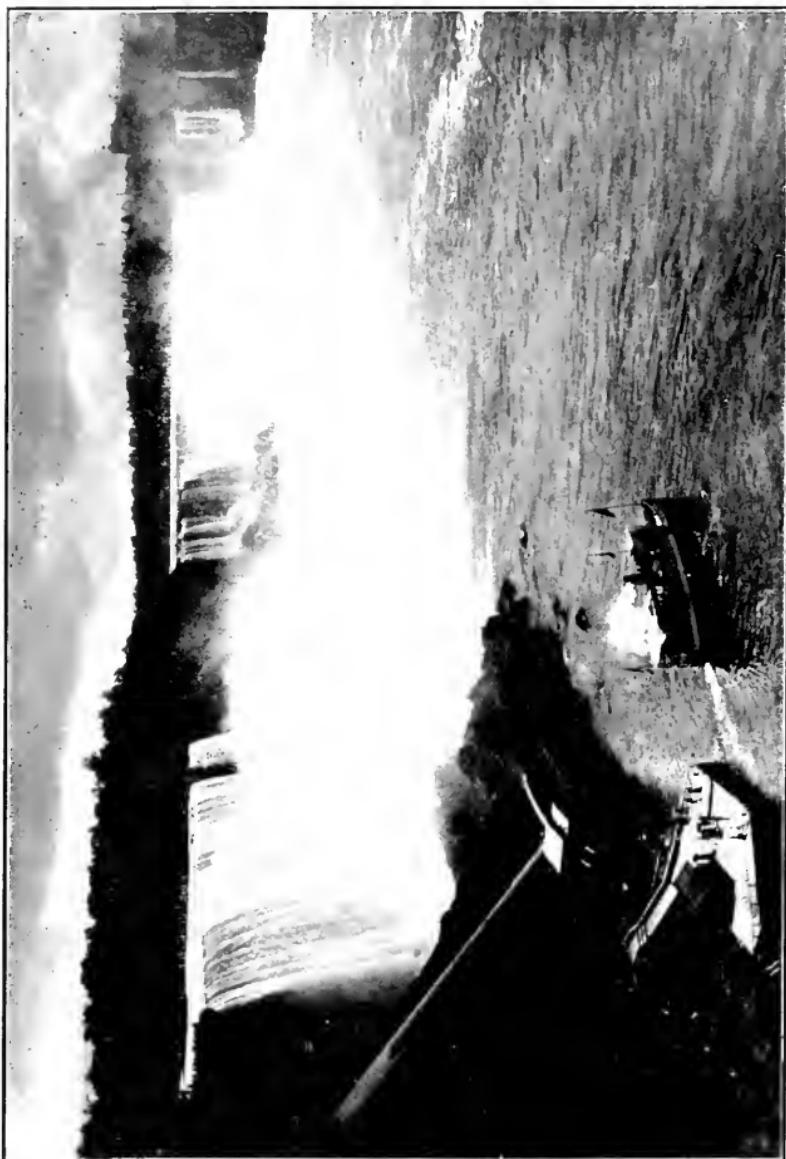
THE BED OF PROCRUSTES

A very tall and strong man, dressed in rich garments, came down to meet Theseus. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels; and he came forward, bowing courteously, and held out both his hands, and spoke—

“Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers? But I see that you are weary. Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile.”

“I give you thanks,” said Theseus; “but I am in haste to go up the valley.”

“Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach your journey’s end to-night, for there are many miles of mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dangerous after nightfall. It is well for you that I met you, for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine, and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travellers say that they



NIAGARA FALLS

never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before.” And he laid hold on Theseus’ hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forwards: but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable a man; and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and beside, he was hungry and weary: yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why; for, though his voice was gentle, it was dry and husky like a toad’s; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up a glen which led from the road, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

And as they went up, the glen grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a torrent roared, half seen between bare limestone crags. And around them was neither tree nor bush, while the snow-blasts swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus as he looked round at that doleful place. And he said at last: “Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region.”

“Yes; but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?” and

he looked back, and Theseus also ; and far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden asses, and merchants walking by them, watching their ware.

“ Ah, poor souls ! ” said the stranger. “ Well for them that I looked back and saw them ! And well for me too, for I shall have the more guests at my feast. Wait awhile till I go down and call them, and we will eat and drink together the livelong night. Happy am I, to whom Heaven sends so many guests at once ! ”

And he ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep pass.

But as he went up he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent-bed. He had laid down his faggot in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And when he saw Theseus, he called to him and said :

“ O fair youth, help me up with my burden, for my limbs are stiff and weak with years.”

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said :

“ Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel you this doleful road ? ”

“Who I am my parents know ; but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed.”

Then the old man clapped his hands together and cried :

“Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death, for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death ; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me.”

“Why ?” asked Theseus, astonished.

“Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough ; but me only he spared, seven weary years agone ; for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in a great city ; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men.”

Then Theseus said nothing ; but he ground his teeth together.

“ Escape, then,” said the old man, “ for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a young man and a maiden, and fitted them upon his bed ; and the young man’s hands and feet he cut off, but the maiden’s limbs he stretched until she died, and so both perished miserably—but I am tired of weeping over the slain. And therefore he is called Procrustes the stretcher. Flee from him : yet whither will you flee ? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them ? and there is no other road.”

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man’s mouth, and said : “ There is no need to flee ;” and he turned to go down the pass.

“ Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death ;” and the old man screamed after him down the glen ; but Theseus strode on in his wrath.

And he said to himself : “ This is an ill-ruled land ; when shall I have done ridding it of monsters ? ” And, as he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gaily. And when he saw

Theseus, he cried : “ Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting ? ”

But Theseus answered : “ The man who stretches his guests upon a bed and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land ? ”

Then Procrustes’ countenance changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste ; but Theseus leaped on him, and cried :

“ Is this true, my host, or is it false ? ” and he clasped Procrustes round waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

“ Is this true, my host, or is it false ! ” But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club ; and before Procrustes could strike him, he had struck and felled him to the ground.

And once again he struck him ; and his evil soul fled forth, squeaking like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he called the people of the country, whom Procrustes had

spoiled a long time, and divided the spoil among them, and went down the mountains, and away.

KINGSLEY : "The Heroes."

(Adapted)

" BOB WHITE "

I SEE you, on the zigzag rails,

 You cheery little fellow !

While purple leaves are whirling down,

 And scarlet, brown, and yellow.

I hear you when the air is full

 Of snow-down of the thistle ;

All in your speckled jacket trim,

 "Bob White ! Bob White!" you whistle.

Tall amber sheaves, in rustling rows,

 Are nodding there to greet you ;

I know that you are out for play—

 How I should like to meet you !

Though blithe of voice, so shy you are,

 In this delightful weather ;

What splendid playmates you and I,

 " Bob White," would make together !

There, you are gone ! but far away

 I hear your whistle falling.

Ah ! may be it is hide-and-seek,

 And that's why you are calling.

Along those hazy uplands wide
We'd be such merry rangers ;
What ! silent now, and hidden too !
" Bob White," don't let's be strangers.

Perhaps you teach your brood the game,
In yonder rainbowed thicket,
While winds are playing with the leaves,
And softly creeks the cricket.

" Bob White ! Bob White ! "—again I hear
That blithely whistled chorus ;
Why should we not companions be ?
One Father watches o'er us !

GEORGE COOPER

RADISSON AND THE INDIANS

THE tribe being assembled and having spread out their customary gifts, consisting of beaver tails, smoked moose tongues and pemmican, one of the leading braves arose and said :

" Men who pretend to give us life, do you wish us to die ! You know what beaver is worth and the trouble we have to take it. You call yourselves our brothers and yet will not give us what those give who make no such profession. Accept our gifts, and let us barter,

or we will visit you no more. We have but to travel a hundred leagues and we will encounter the English, whose offers we have heard."

On the conclusion of this harangue silence reigned for some moments. All eyes were turned on the two white traders. Feeling that now or never was the time to exhibit firmness, Radisson, without rising to his feet, addressed the whole assemblage in haughty accents.

"Whom dost thou wish I should answer? I have heard a dog bark; when a man shall speak he will see I know how to defend my conduct and my terms. We love our brothers and we deserve their love in return. For have we not saved them all from the treachery of the English?"

Uttering these words fearlessly, he leaped to his feet and drew a long hunting-knife from his belt. Seizing by the scalp-lock the chief of the tribe, who had already adopted him as his son, he asked: "Who art thou?" To which the chief responded, as was customary: "Thy father."

"Then," cried Radisson, "if that is so, and thou art my father, speak for me. Thou art the master of my goods; but as for that dog who has spoken, what is he doing in this company? Let him go to his brothers, the English, at the

head of the Bay. Or he need not travel so far. He may, if he chooses, see them starving and helpless on yonder island; answering to my words of command.

“I know how to speak to my Indian father,” continued Radisson, “of the perils of the woods, of the abandonment of his squaws and children, of the risks of hunger and the peril of death by foes. All these you avoid by trading with us here. But although I am mightily angry I will take pity on this wretch and let him still live. Go,” addressing the brave with his weapon outstretched, “take this as my gift to you, and depart. When you meet your brothers, the English, tell them my name, and add that we are soon coming to treat them and their factory yonder as we have treated this one.”

The speaker knew enough of the Indian character, especially in affairs of trade, to be aware that a point once yielded them is never recovered. And it is but just to say that the terms he then made of three axes for a beaver were thereafter adopted, and that his firmness saved the Company many a cargo of these implements. His harangue produced an immediate impression upon all save the humiliated brave, who declared that, if the Assini-

boines came hither to barter, he would lie in ambush and kill them.

The French trader's reply to this was to the Indian mind a terrible one.

"I will myself travel into thy country," said he, "and eat sagamite in thy grandmother's skull."

While the brave and his small circle of friends were livid with fear and anger, Radisson ordered three fathoms of tobacco to be distributed; observing, contemptuously, to the hostile minority that as for them they might go and smoke women's tobacco in the country of the lynxes. The barter began and, when at night-fall the Indians departed, not a skin was left amongst them.

BECKLES WILLSON: "The Great Company."

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,

I make a sudden sally,

And sparkle out among the fern,

To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,

Or slip between the ridges,

By twenty thorps, a little town,

And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

TENNYSON

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book.
Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but
a good book is the precious life blood of a
master spirit.

MILTON

“ DO SEEK THEIR MEAT FROM GOD ”

THERE was a solitary cabin in the thick of the woods a mile or more from the nearest neighbour, a substantial frame house in the midst of a large and well-tilled clearing. The owner of the cabin, a shiftless fellow who spent his days for the most part at the corner tavern three miles distant, had suddenly grown disgusted with a land wherein one must work to live, and had betaken himself with his seven-year-old boy to seek some more indolent clime.

The five-year-old son of the prosperous owner of the frame house and the older boy had been playmates. The little boy, unaware of his comrade's departure, had stolen away, late in the afternoon, along the lonely stretch of wood road, and had reached the cabin only to find it empty. As the dusk gathered he grew afraid to start for home, and crept trembling into the cabin, whose door would not stay shut. Desperate with fear and loneliness, he lifted up his voice piteously. In the terrifying silence he listened hard to hear if any one or anything were coming. Then again his shrill childish wailings arose, startling the unexpectant night,

and piercing the forest depths, even to the ears of two great panthers which had set forth to seek their meat from God.

The lonely cabin stood some distance, perhaps a quarter of a mile, back from the highway connecting the settlements. Along this main road a man was plodding wearily. All day he had been walking, and now as he neared home his steps began to quicken with anticipation of rest. Over his shoulder projected a double-barrelled fowling-piece, from which was slung a bundle of such necessities as he had purchased in town that morning. It was the prosperous settler, the master of the frame house, who had chosen to make the tedious journey on foot.

He passed the mouth of the wood road leading to the cabin and had gone perhaps a furlong beyond, when his ears were startled by the sound of a child crying in the woods. He stopped, lowered his burden to the road, and stood straining ears and eyes in the direction of the sound. It was just at this time that the two panthers also stopped, and lifted their heads to listen. Their ears were keener than those of the man, and the sound had reached them at a greater distance.

Presently the settler realized whence the cries were coming. He called to mind the cabin; but he did not know the cabin's owner had departed. He cherished a hearty contempt for the drunken squatter; and on the drunken squatter's child he looked with small favour, especially as a playmate for his own boy. Nevertheless he hesitated before resuming his journey.

"Poor little fellow!" he muttered, half in wrath. "I reckon his precious father's drunk down at 'the Corners,' and him crying for loneliness!" Then he re-shouldered his burden and strode on doggedly.

But louder, shriller, more hopeless and more appealing, arose the childish voice, and the settler paused again, irresolute, and with deepening indignation. In his fancy he saw the steaming supper his wife would have awaiting him. He loathed the thought of retracing his steps, and then stumbling a quarter of a mile through the stumps and bog of the wood road. He was foot-sore as well as hungry, and he cursed the vagabond squatter with serious emphasis; but in that wailing was a terror which would not let him go on. He thought of his own little one left in such a position,

and straightway his heart melted. He turned, dropped his bundle behind some bushes, grasped his gun, and made speed back for the cabin.

“Who knows,” he said to himself, “but that drunken idiot has left his youngster without a bite to eat in the whole miserable shanty? Or maybe he’s locked out, and the poor little beggar’s half scared to death. *Sounds* as if he was scared;” and at this thought the settler quickened his pace.

As the hungry panthers drew near the cabin, and the cries of the lonely child grew clearer, they hastened their steps, and their eyes opened to a wider circle, flaming with a greener fire. It would be thoughtless superstition to say the beasts were cruel. They were simply keen with hunger, and alive with the eager passion of the chase. They were not ferocious with any anticipation of battle, for they knew the voice was the voice of a child, and something in the voice told them the child was solitary. Theirs was no hideous or unnatural rage, as it is the custom to describe it. They were but seeking with the strength, the cunning, the deadly swiftness given them to that end, the food convenient for them. On their success in accomplishing that for which nature

had so exquisitely designed them depended not only their own, but the lives of their blind and helpless young, now whimpering in the cave on the slope of the moon-lit ravine. They crept through a wet alder thicket, bounded lightly over the ragged brush fence, and paused to reconnoitre on the edge of the clearing, in the full glare of the moon. At the same moment the settler emerged from the darkness of the wood road on the opposite side of the clearing. He saw the two great beasts, heads down and snouts thrust forward, gliding toward the open cabin door.

For a few moments the child had been silent. Now his voice rose again in pitiful appeal, a very ecstasy of loneliness and terror. There was a note in the cry that shook the settler's soul. He had a vision of his own boy, at home with his mother, safe-guarded from even the thought of peril. And here was this little one left to the wild beasts! "Thank God! Thank God I came!" murmured the settler, as he dropped on one knee to take a surer aim. There was a loud report (not like the sharp crack of a rifle), and the female panther, shot through the loins, fell in a heap, snarling furiously and striking with her fore-paws.

The male walked around her in fierce and anxious amazement. Presently, as the smoke lifted, he discerned the settler kneeling for a second shot. With a high screech of fury, the lithe brute sprang upon his enemy, taking a bullet full in his chest without seeming to know he was hit. Ere the man could slip in another cartridge the beast was upon him, bearing him to the ground and fixing keen fangs in his shoulder. Without a word, the man set his strong fingers desperately into the brute's throat, wrenched himself partly free, and was struggling to rise, when the panther's body collapsed upon him all at once, a dead weight which he easily flung aside. The bullet had done its work just in time.

Quivering from the swift and dreadful contest, bleeding profusely from his mangled shoulder, the settler stepped up to the cabin door and peered in. He heard sobs in the darkness.

"Don't be scared, sonny," he said, in a reassuring voice. "I'm going to take you home along with me. Poor little lad, *I'll* look after you, if folks that ought to don't."

Out of the dark corner came a shout of delight, in a voice which made the settler's

heart stand still. "*Daddy, Daddy,*" it said, "*I knew* you'd come. I was so frightened when it got dark!" And a little figure launched itself into the settler's arms, and clung to him trembling. The man sat down on the threshold and strained the child to his breast. He remembered how near he had been to disregarding the far-off cries, and great beads of sweat broke out upon his forehead.

Not many weeks afterwards the settler was following the fresh trail of a bear which had killed his sheep. The trail led him at last along the slope of a deep ravine, from whose bottom came the brawl of a swollen and obstructed stream. In the ravine he found a shallow cave, behind a great white rock. The cave was plainly a wild beast's lair, and he entered circumspectly. There were bones scattered about, and on some dry herbage in the deepest corner of the den, he found the dead bodies of two small panther cubs.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS: "Earth's Enigmas."
(Adapted)

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "*Thou must,*"
The youth replies, "*I can.*" EMERSON

A SONG OF THE SEA

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea !
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh ! *how* I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me ;
For I was born on the open Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And Death whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea !

B. W. PROCTER : ("Barry Cornwall")

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty ;
I woke, and found that life was duty."

DAFFYDOWNDILLY was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labour of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil. Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a

very worthy character ; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world.

Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good ; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle ; his voice, too, was harsh ; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long this terrible schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the school-room with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play ; now he punished a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons ; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the school-room of Mr. Toil.

“This will never do for me,” thought Daffydowndilly.

Now the whole of Daffydowndilly’s life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who

had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woeful change, to be sent away from the good lady's side, and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

“I can't bear it any longer,” said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. “I'll run away and try to find my dear mother ; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil !”

So the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

“Good-morning, my lad,” said the stranger ; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it. “Whence do you come so early, and whither are you going ?”

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of a very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike for Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

“Oh, very well, my little friend!” answered the stranger. “Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of.”

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the road-side, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant. But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger’s proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field, where some haymakers were at work,

mowing down the tall grass, and spreading it out in the sun to dry. Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighbouring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydowndilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the

sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must have been just entering his school-room.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the stranger. “This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and the people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won’t trouble you unless you become a labourer on the farm.”

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but he was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer, who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travellers had gone but little farther, when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house. Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment; for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broad-axes and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window-sashes, and nailing on the clap-boards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broad-axe, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself.

And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But, just while he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste. Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!" "Who?" asked the stranger, very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling.

"There! he that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old schoolmaster, as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger; and he saw an elderly man, with a carpenter's rule and compass in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house measuring pieces of timber and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent. And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage, the men seemed to feel that they had a task-master over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

"Oh, no! this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster," said the stranger. "It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers. Accordingly they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers gaily dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps, and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, he said to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

"Quick step! Forward march!" shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started, in great dismay; for this voice which had spoken to the

soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's school-room, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth. And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey-cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the school-room.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, in a trembling voice. "Let us run away for fear he should make us enlist in his company!"

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow; but you and I need not be afraid of him."

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly, "but if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by and by, they came to a house by the road-side, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

“Oh, let us stop here,” cried he to his companion; “for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here!”

But these last words died away upon Daffydowndilly’s tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life! He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

“Oh, dear me!” whispered he, turning pale, “it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil

in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle."

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Oh, take me back!—take me back!" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the school-house!"

"Yonder it is,—there is the school-house!" said the stranger, for though he and Daffydowndilly had taken a great many steps, they had travelled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered, and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom

I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of the opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician, and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be this as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THE SANDPIPER

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Scud black and swift across the sky :
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry ;
He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery ;
He has no thought of any wrong,
 He scans me with a fearless eye.
Staunch friends are we, well-tried and
 strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
 When the loosed storm breaks furiously ?
My driftwood-fire will burn so bright !
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly ?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky :
For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I ?

CELIA THAXTER

FROM "THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT"

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths. But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use

you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven : for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

ST. MATTHEW, V.

THE LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER

FOR many a year Saint Christopher
Served God in many a land ;
And master painters drew his face,
With loving heart and hand,
On altar fronts and churches' walls ;
And peasants used to say,—
To look on good Saint Christopher
Brought luck for all the day.

For many a year, in lowly hut,
The giant dwelt content
Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went ;

And on his giant shoulders bore
All travellers who came,
By night, by day, or rich or poor,
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.
One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,
He sudden heard a call,—
“O Christopher, come, carry me!”
He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore,
“It must be that I dreamed,”
He said, and laid him down again;
But instantly there seemed
Again the feeble, distant cry,—
“Oh, come and carry me!”
Again he sprang and looked: again
No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice,
Like infant's, soft and weak;
With lantern strode the giant forth,
More carefully to seek.

Down on the bank a little child
He found,—a piteous sight,—
Who weeping, earnestly implored
To cross that very night.

With gruff good will he picked him up,
And on his neck to ride
He tossed him, as men play with babes,
And plunged into the tide.
But as the water closed around
His knees, the infant's weight
Grew heavier, and heavier,
Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,
His staff shook in his hand,
His mighty knees bent under him,
He barely reached the land.
And, staggering, set the infant down,
And turned to scan his face;
When, lo ! he saw a halo bright
Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid
At marvel of the thing,
And dreamed not that it was the face
Of Jesus Christ, his King.

Until the infant spoke, and said :

“ O Christopher, behold !

I am the Lord whom thou hast served,

Rise up, be glad and bold !

“ For I have seen and noted well,

Thy works of charity ;

And that thou art my servant good

A token thou shalt see.

Plant firmly here upon this bank

Thy stalwart staff of pine,

And it shall blossom and bear fruit,

This very hour, in sign.”

Then, vanishing, the infant smiled.

The giant, left alone,

Saw on the bank, with luscious dates,

His stout pine staff bent down.

I think the lesson is as good

To-day as it was then—

As good to us called Christians

As to the heathen men,—

The lesson of Saint Christopher,

Who spent his strength for others,

And saved his soul by working hard

To help and save his brothers !

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON

THE sun already shone brightly as William Tell entered the town of Altorf, and he advanced at once to the public place, where the first object that caught his eyes was a handsome cap, embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers were walking around it in silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their head to the symbol of authority. The cap had been set up by Gessler, the Austrian commander, for the purpose of discovering those who were not submissive to the Austrian power, which had ruled the people of the Swiss Cantons for a long time with great severity. He suspected that the people were about to break into rebellion, and with a view to learn who were the most discontented, he had placed the ducal cap of Austria on this pole, publicly proclaiming that every one passing near, or within sight of it, should bow before it, in proof of his homage to the duke.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange attempt to humble the people, and, leaning on his cross-bow, gazed scornfully on them and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the

guard, at length observed this man, who alone amidst the cringing crowd carried his head erect. He ordered him to be seized and disarmed by the soldiers, and then conducted him to Gessler, who put some questions to him, which he answered so haughtily that Gessler was both surprised and angry. Suddenly, he was struck by the likeness between him and the boy Walter Tell, whom he had seized and put in prison the previous day for uttering some seditious words; he immediately asked his name, which he no sooner heard than he knew him to be the archer so famous, as the best marksman in the Canton.

Gessler at once resolved to punish both father and son at the same time, by a method which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon, then, as the youth was brought out, the governor turned to Tell, and said: "I have often heard of thy great skill as an archer, and I now intend to put it to the proof. Thy son shall be placed at a distance of a hundred yards, with an apple on his head. If thou strikest the apple with thy arrow, I will pardon you both; but if thou refusest this trial thy son shall die before thine eyes."

Tell implored Gessler to spare him so cruel a trial, in which he might perhaps kill his beloved boy with his own hand. The governor would not alter his purpose; so Tell at last agreed to shoot at the apple, as the only chance of saving his son's life. Walter stood with his back to a linden tree. Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one arrow were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. He stooped down, and taking a long time to choose an arrow, he managed to hide a second in his girdle.

After being in doubt a long time, his whole soul beaming in his face, his love for his son rendering him almost powerless, he at length roused himself—drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow.

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cheers. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by his emotion, fell fainting to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose, and turned away from the governor with horror.

The latter, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him—"Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but what needed you with that second arrow which I see in your girdle?"

Tell replied : "It is the custom of the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve."

"Nay, nay," said Gessler, "tell me thy real motive; and, whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared."

"The second shaft," replied Tell, "was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son."

CHAMBER'S "Tracts."

A MIDSUMMER SONG

O, FATHER 's gone to market-town, he was up
before the day,

And Jamie 's after robins, and the man is
making hay,

And whistling down the hollow goes the boy
that minds the mill,

While mother from the kitchen-door is calling
with a will :

"Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
O, where's Polly?"

From all the misty morning air there comes a
summer sound—
A murmur as of waters from skies and trees and
ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons
bill and coo,
And over hill and hollow rings again the loud
halloo:
“Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the corn!
O, where’s Polly?”

Above the trees the honey-bees swarm by with
buzz and boom,
And in the field and garden a thousand
blossoms bloom.
Within the farmer’s meadow a brown-eyed daisy
blows,
And down at the edge of the hollow a red and
thorny rose.
But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the
corn!
O, where’s Polly?

How strange at such a time of day the mill
should stop its clatter!
The farmer’s wife is listening now and wonders
what’s the matter.

O, wild the birds are singing in the wood and
on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes the boy
that minds the mill.
But Polly!—Polly!—The cows are in the
corn!
O, where's Polly?

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineer had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, her "father should return from the ploughing."

She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

A look of intense delight broke over her countenance. She grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed: "Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Aye. I'm no dreaming: it's

the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!" Then flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour.

I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men: "Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'! Here's help at last!"

To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women, who had flocked to the spot, burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard only the rattle of the musketry.

A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line: "Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear? d'ye hear?"

At that moment all seemed, indeed, to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance ; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succour to their friends in need.

Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed pibroch.

To our cheer of “God save the Queen,” they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, “Should auld acquaintance be forgot.” After that, nothing else made any

impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table, playing once more the familiar air of "Auld Lang Syne."

"Letter from an officer's wife."

THE SONG IN CAMP

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under ;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow ;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon :
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars !

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valour wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR

AFTERGLOW

AFTER the clangour of battle
There comes a moment of rest,
And the simple hopes and the simple joys
And the simple thoughts are best.

After the victor's pean,
After the thunder of gun,
There comes a lull that must come to all
Before the set of the sun.

Then what is the happiest memory?
Is it the foe's defeat?
Is it the splendid praise of a world
That thunders by at your feet?

Nay, nay, to the life-worn spirit
The happiest thoughts are those
That carry us back to the simple joys
And the sweetness of life's repose.

A simple love and a simple trust
And a simple duty done,
Are truer torches to light to death
Than a whole world's victories won.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

KING RICHARD AND SALADIN

SALADIN led the way to a splendid pavilion where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen—a broad straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended wellnigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

“Had I not,” said Saladin, “seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the

Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter. This he placed on a block of wood.

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the king's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English, "it will be long ere your long jackanape's

fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard; "by Our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning—be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Soldan, indeed, presently said: "Something I would fain attempt, though wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet, each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end. "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the king; "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of nought but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue colour,

marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armourer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced ; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

“It is a juggler’s trick,” said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat ; “there is gramarye in this.”

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edgeways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

“Now, in good faith, my brother,” said Richard, “thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous were it to meet thee. Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight we eke out by strength. Nevertheless, in truth thou art as expert in inflicting wounds as my sage Hakim in curing them. I trust I shall see the learned leech; I have much to thank him for, and had brought some small present.”

As he spoke, Saladin exchanged his turban for a Tartar cap. He had no sooner done so, than De Vaux opened at once his extended mouth and his large round eyes, and Richard gazed with scarce less astonishment, while the Soldan spoke in a grave and altered voice: “The sick man, sayeth the poet, while he is yet infirm, knoweth the physician by his step; but when he is recovered, he knoweth not even his face when he looks upon him.”

“A miracle!—a miracle!” exclaimed Richard.

“Of Mahound’s working, doubtless,” said Thomas de Vaux.

“That I should lose my learned Hakim,” said Richard, “merely by absence of his cap and

robe, and that I should find him again in my royal brother Saladin!"

"Such is oft the fashion of the world," answered the Soldan: "the tattered robe makes not always the dervish."

SCOTT: "The Talisman."

ENGLAND'S DEAD

Son of the Ocean Isle!

Where sleep your mighty dead?

Show me what high and stately pile

Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep—

Free, free, the white sail spread!

Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,

Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,

By the pyramid o'erswayed,

With fearful power the noonday reigns,

And the palm trees yield no shade;—

But let the angry sun

From heaven look fiercely red,

Unfelt by those whose task is done!—

There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night,
Is heard the tiger's roar ;—

But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone,—
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The Western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung ;—

But let the floods rush on !
Let the arrow's flight be sped !
Why should they reck whose task is done?—
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky
Like rose-leaves on the breeze ;—

But let the storm rage on !
Let the fresh wreaths be shed !
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
And the northern night-clouds lower;—

But let the ice drift on !
Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done,
Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave !
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave ?

Go, stranger ! track the deep—
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

FELICIA HEMANS

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarcee yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE DREAM OF THE OAK TREE

THERE stood in a wood, high on the bank near the open sea-shore, such a grand old oak tree ! It was three hundred and sixty-five years old ; but all this length of years had seemed to the tree scarcely more than so many days appear to us men and women, boys and girls.

A tree's life is not quite the same as a man's : we wake during the day, and sleep and dream during the night ; but a tree wakes throughout three seasons of the year, and has no sleep till winter comes. The winter is its sleeping time —its night after the long day which we call spring, summer, and autumn.

It was just at the holy Christmas-tide that the oak tree dreamed his most beautiful dream. He seemed to hear the church-bells ringing all around, and to feel as if it were a mild, warm summer day. Fresh and green he reared his mighty crown on high, and the sunbeams played

among his leaves. As in a festive procession, all that the tree had beheld in his life now passed by.

Knights and ladies, with feathers in their caps and hawks perching on their wrists, rode gaily through the wood; dogs barked, and the huntsman sounded his bugle.

Then came foreign soldiers in bright armour and gay vestments, bearing spurs and halberds, setting up their tents, and presently taking them down again. Then watch fires blazed up and bands of wild outlaws sang, revelled, and slept under the tree's outstretched boughs; or happy lovers met in quiet moonlight and carved their initials on the grayish bark.

At one time a guitar and an *Æolian* harp had been hung among the old oak's boughs by merry travelling apprentices; now they hung there again, and the wind played sweetly with their strings.

And now the dream changed. A new and stronger current of life flowed through him, down to his lowest roots, up to his highest twigs, even to the very leaves. The tree felt in his roots that a warm life stirred in the earth, and that he was growing taller and taller; his trunk shot up more and more, his crown grew fuller;

and still he soared and spread. He felt that his power grew, too, and he longed to advance higher and higher to the warm bright sun.

Already he towered above the clouds, which drifted below him now like a troop of dark-plumaged birds of passage, now like flocks of large, white swans. The stars became visible by daylight, so large and bright, each one sparkling like a mild, clear eye.

It was a blessed moment! and yet, in the height of his joy, the oak tree felt a desire and longing that all the other trees, bushes, herbs, and flowers of the wood might be lifted up with him to share in his glory and gladness. He could not be fully blessed unless he might have all, small and great, blessed with him.

The tree's crown bowed itself as though it had missed something, and looked backward. Then he felt the fragrance of honeysuckle and violets, and fancied he could hear the birds. And so it was! for now peeped forth through the clouds the green summits of the wood ; the other trees below had grown and lifted themselves up likewise ; bushes and herbs shot high into the air, some tearing themselves loose from their roots to mount the faster.

Like a flash of white lightning the birch, moving fastest of all, shot upward its slender stem. Even the feathery brown reeds had pierced their way through the clouds, and the birds sang and sang, and on the grass that fluttered to and fro like a streaming ribbon perched the grasshopper, while cockchafers hummed and bees buzzed. All was music and gladness.

“But the little blue flower near the water—I want that, too,” said the oak; “and the bell-flower, and the dear little daisy.” “We are here! we are here!” chanted sweet low voices on all sides.

“But the pretty anemones, and the bed of lilies of the valley, and all the flowers that bloomed so long ago,—would that they were here!” “We are here! we are here!” was the answer, and it seemed to come from the air above, as if they had fled upward first.

“Oh, this is too great happiness!” exclaimed the oak tree; and now he felt that his own roots were loosening themselves from the earth. “This is best of all,” he said. “Now no bounds shall detain me. I can soar to the heights of light and glory, and I have all my dear ones with me.”

Such was the oak tree's Christmas dream. And all the while a mighty storm swept the sea and land; the ocean rolled his heavy bilows on the shore, the tree cracked, and was rent and torn up by the roots at the very moment when he dreamed that he was soaring to the skies.

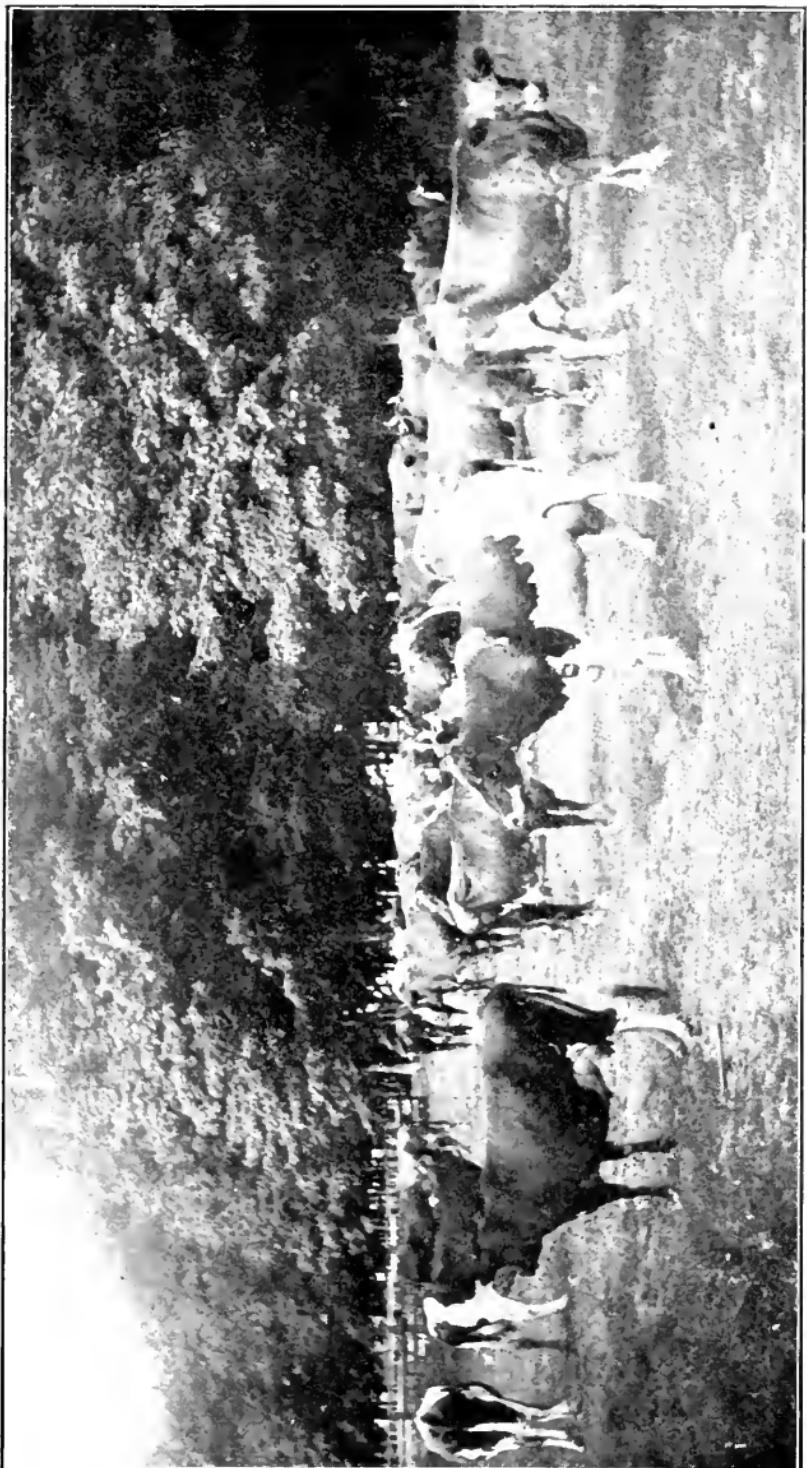
Next day the sea was calm again, and a large vessel that had weathered the storm hoisted all its flags for Merry Christmas. "The tree is gone—the old oak tree, our beacon! How can its place ever be supplied?" said the crew. This was the tree's funeral eulogium, while the Christmas hymn re-echoed from the wood.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
(Adapted)

A PRAYER

THE day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

R. L. STEVENSON



IN THE PASTURE

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of
the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and
meadows brown and sear.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn
leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the
rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from
the shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through
all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
that lately sprung and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous
sisterhood?

Alas! they are all in their graves, the gentle
race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and
good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold
November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely
ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished
long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the
summer glow;
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in
the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in
autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as
falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as
still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their
winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of
the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the
stream no more.

BRYANT

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!

To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.

When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

A ROMAN'S HONOUR

THE Romans had suffered a terrible defeat in B.C. 251 and Regulus, a famous soldier and senator, had been captured and dragged into Carthage where the victors feasted and rejoiced through half the night, and testified their thanks to their god by offering in his fires the bravest of their captives.

Regulus himself was not, however, one of these victims. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining and sickening in his loneliness; while, in the meantime, the war continued, and at last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison, if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came

to the outside of the gates of his own city and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarian's slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

His wife, Marcia, ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave, and he continued, in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he had loved so well.

The Roman Senate, as he would not come in to them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first; then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeating a task: "Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace and an exchange of prisoners." He then turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the Senate. His old friends pressed him to stay and give his opinion as a senator, who had twice been consul; but he refused to degrade that dignity by claiming it, slave as he was. But, at the

command of his Carthaginian masters, he remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthaginian generals, who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and strength, whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again; and, indeed, he believed that his enemies had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made.

It was wonderful, even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself; and their chief priest came forward and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonour me?" he said. "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a

guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest."

The Senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him—they could merely repeat their permission to him to remain; but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected, as calmly as if he had been returning to his home. This was in the year B.C. 249.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE: "Book of Golden Deeds."

THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE

IT was eight bells ringing,
For the morning watch was done,
And the gunner's lads were singing,
As they polished every gun.
It was eight bells ringing,
And the gunner's lads were singing
For the ship she rode a-swinging,
As they polished every gun.

*Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to hear the round shot biting,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Oh! to see the linstock lighting,
And to hear the round shot biting,
For we're all in love with fighting
On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
And the battle just begun,
When the ship her way was winging,
As they loaded every gun.
It was noontide ringing
When the ship her way was winging,
And the gunner's lads were singing
As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
And she's fading down the river,
Téméraire ! Téméraire !
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

HENRY NEWBOLT.

DON QUIXOTE'S FIGHT WITH THE WINDMILLS

“I BESEECH your worship, Sir Knight-errant,” quoth Sancho to his master, “be sure you don’t forget what you promised me about the island ; for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big.”

“You must know, friend Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “that it has been the constant practice of knights-errant in former ages to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered.”

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them: “Fortune,” cried he, “directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished: look yonder, friend Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven.”

“What giants?” quoth Sancho Panza.

“Those whom thou seest yonder,” answered Don Quixote, “with their long extended arms; some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size, that sometimes they reach two leagues in length.”

“Pray look better, sir,” quoth Sancho; “those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy, are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go.”

“ ‘Tis a sign,” cried Don Quixote, “ thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all.” This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him, and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary, that he did not so much as hear his squire’s outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them; far from that: “Stand, cowards,” cried he, as loud as he could; “stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all!”

At the same time, the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move, which when Don Quixote spied: “Base miscreants,” cried he, “though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance.”

He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he

rushed with Rozinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness, that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field.

Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow had he and Rozinante received. "Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho, "did not I give your worship fair warning? Did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head!"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote: "there is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills to deprive me of the honour of the victory; such is his inveterate malice against me; but in the end, all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the prevailing edge of my sword."

“Amen, say I,” replied Sancho.

And so heaving him up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rozinante, that was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse, as they made the best of their way towards the pass of Lapice, for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventure in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, “I have read,” said he, “friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the surname of The Pounder, or Bruiser. I tell thee this, because I intend to tear up the next oak or holm tree we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe.”

“Heaven grant you may,” cried Sancho; “I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, an’t please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sideling methinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by the fall.”

“It does so,” replied Don Quixote; “and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds.”

“Then I have no more to say,” quoth Sancho; “and yet Heaven knows my heart, I should be glad to hear your worship groan a little now and then when something ails you: for my part, I shall not fail to bemoan myself when I suffer the smallest pain, unless indeed it can be proved, that the rule of not complaining extends to the squires as well as knights.”

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire; and told him he gave him leave to complain not only when he pleased, but as much as he pleased, whether he had any cause or no; for he had never yet read anything to the contrary in any books of chivalry.

CERVANTES: “The Adventures of Don Quixote.”

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST

LITTLE Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow.
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses,
Fills the silence like a speech,
While she thinks what shall be done.—
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses . . . "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

“ And the steed shall be red-roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon,
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

“ And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure ;
And the mane shall swim the wind ;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

“ But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.
He will say : ‘ O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace.’

“ Then, ay, then—he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him—
Which shall seem to understand—
Till I answer : ‘ Rise and go ! ’
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.



DEEP SEA FISHERS

“Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say,
Nathless maiden-brave, ‘Farewell,’
I will utter, and dissemble—
‘Light to-morrow with to-day.’

“Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong;
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

“Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet—
‘Lo, my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?’

“And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,—
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time—I may bend
From my pride, and answer—‘Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.’

“ Then the young foot-page will run—
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee :
‘ I am a duke’s eldest son !
Thousand serfs do call me master,—
But, O Love, I love but *thee* !’

“ He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds :
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan’s nest among the reeds.”

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gaily,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

Pushing through the elm tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads—
Past the boughs she stoops—and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,—
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not ! but I know
She could never show him—never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

E. B. BROWNING

MOONLIGHT SONATA

IT happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven ; for I wished him to take a walk, and afterwards sup with me. In passing through a dark, narrow street, he suddenly paused. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F. Hark ! how well it is played ! "

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on ; but, in the midst of the finale, there was a sudden break ; then the voice of sobbing : "I cannot play any more. It is too beautiful ; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh ! what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne ! "

"Ah ! my sister," said her companion ; "why create regrets when there is no remedy ? We can scarcely pay our rent."

“ You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use.”

Beethoven looked at me. “ Let us go in,” he said.

“ Go in !” I exclaimed. “ What can we go in for ?”

“ I will play to her,” he said, in an excited tone, “ Here is feeling—genius—understanding ! I will play to her, and she will understand it.”

And before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It opened and we entered.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes, and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face.

“ Pardon me,” said Beethoven, “ but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician.”

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and somewhat annoyed.

“ I—I also overheard something of what you said,” continued my friend. “ You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you ?”

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comical and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment.

“Thank you!” said the shoemaker; “but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music.”

“No music!” echoed my friend; “how, then, does the young lady—” he paused and coloured; for, as he looked in the girl’s face, he saw that she was blind. “I—I entreat your pardon,” he stammered. “I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But when do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?”

“We lived at Bruhl for two years, and while there I used to hear a lady practising near us. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her.”

She seemed so shy that Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired; and, from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tones of the

instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sounds.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon rays falling strongest upon the piano and the player. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in deep thought. He remained thus for some time. At length the young shoemaker arose and approached him eagerly.

“Wonderful man!” he said, in a low tone. “Who and what are you?”

“Listen!” said Beethoven, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming: “Then you are Beethoven!” they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

“Play to us once more—only once more!”

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lighted up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure.

“I will improvise a Sonata to the Moonlight!” said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of spirits upon the lawn. Then came a swift agitato finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

“Farewell to you!” said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning towards the door—“farewell to you!”

“You will come again?” asked they in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly at the face of the blind girl.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young lady some lessons! Farewell! I will come again!"

Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that Sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it till long past day dawn. And this was the origin of the Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

UNKNOWN

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

BLACK beneath as the night,
With wings of a morning glow,
From his sooty throat three syllables float,
Ravishing, liquid, low;
And 'tis oh, for the joy of June,
And the bliss that ne'er can flee
From that exquisite call, with its sweet,
sweet fall—
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!

Long ago as a child,
From the bough of a blossoming quince,
That melody came to thrill my frame,
And whenever I've caught it since,
The spring-soft blue of the sky
And the spring-bright bloom of the tree
Are a part of the strain—ah, hear it again!—
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!

And the night is tenderly black,
The morning eagerly bright,
For that old, old spring is blossoming
In the soul and in the sight.
The red-winged blackbird brings
My lost youth back to me,
When I hear in the swale, from a gray fence
rail,
O-ke-lee, o-ke-lee, o-ke-lee!

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

TO THE CUCKOO

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

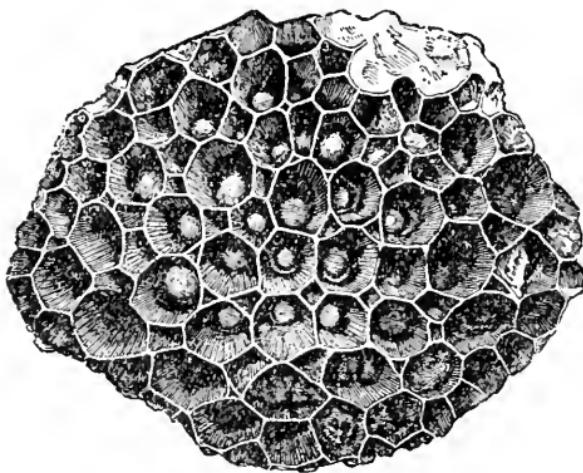
JOHN LOGAN

THE STORY OF A STONE

A GREAT many years ago, when nearly the whole of Canada was covered with water, and the Northern Ocean, which washed the highest crests of the Alleghanies, made an island of the Laurentian Hills, and wrote its name on the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior, there lived somewhere near Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, a little animal called a Polyp. He was a curious creature, very small, not unlike a flower in appearance, a plant-animal.

One day, the sun shone down into the water and set this little fellow free from the egg in which he was confined. For a time he floated about near the bottom of the ocean, but at last settled down on a bit of shell, and fastened himself to it. Then he made an opening in his upper side, formed for himself a mouth and stomach, thrust out a whole row of feelers, and began catching whatever morsels of food came in his way. He had a great many strange ways, but the strangest of all was his gathering little bits of limestone from the water, and building them up round him as a person does who builds a well.

But this little Favosite, for that was his name, became lonesome on the bottom of that old ocean; so one night, when he was fast asleep and dreaming as only a coral animal can dream, there sprouted out of his side another little Favosite, who very soon began to wall himself up as his parent had done. From these, other little Favosites were formed, till at last there were so many of them, and they were so crowded together, that, to economize the limestone they built with, they had to make their cells six-sided, like those of a honey-comb: on this account they are called Favosites.



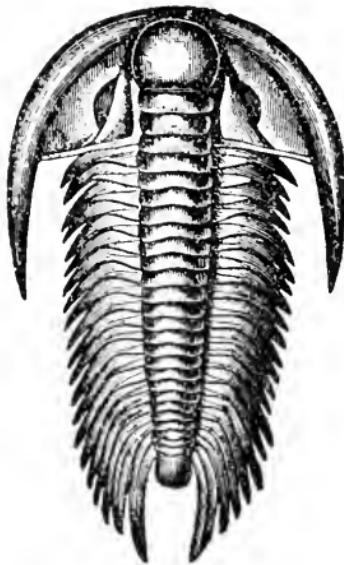
The colony thrived for a long time, and accumulated quite a stock of limestone. But at last a change came: there was a great rush of

muddy water from the land, and all the Favosites died, leaving only a stony skeleton to prove that industrious Polyps had ever existed there.

This skeleton remained undisturbed for ages, until the earth began to rise inch by inch out of the water. Then our Favosites' home rose above the deep, and with it came all that was left of its old acquaintances the Trilobites, who were the ancestors of our crabs and lobsters.

Then the first fishes made their appearance, great fierce-looking fellows like the gar pike of our lakes, but larger, and armed with scales as hard as the armour of a crocodile. Next came the sharks, as savage and voracious as they now are, with teeth like knives. But the time of these old fishes and of many more animals came and went, and still the home of the Favosites lay in the ground.

Then came the long, hot, damp epoch, when thick mists hung over the earth, and great ferns



Trilobite

and rushes, as stout as an oak and as tall as a steeple, grew in Nova Scotia, in Pennsylvania, and in other parts of America where coal is now found. Huge reptiles, with enormous jaws and teeth like cross-cut saws, and smaller ones with wings like bats, next appeared and added to the strangeness of the scene.

But the reptiles died; the ferns and the rush-trees fell into their native swamps, and were covered up and packed away under great layers of clay and sand brought down by the rivers, till at last they were turned into coal, forming for us, what someone has called, beds of petrified sunshine. But all this while the skeleton of the Favosites lay undisturbed.

Then the mists cleared away as gradually as they had come, the sun shone out, the grass grew, and strange four-footed animals came and fed upon it. Among these were odd-looking little horses no bigger than foxes; great hairy monsters larger than elephants, with tremendous tusks; hogs with snouts nearly as long as their bodies; and other strange creatures that no man has ever seen alive. But still the house of the Favosites remained where it was.

Next came the great winter, and it continued to snow till the mountains were hidden. Then

the snow was packed into ice, and Canada became one solid glacier. This ice age continued for many thousands of years.

At last the ice began to melt, and the glacier came slowly down the slopes, tearing up rocks, little and big, and crushing and grinding and carrying away everything in its course. It ploughed its way across Ontario, and the skeleton of our Favosites was rooted out from the quiet place where it had lain so long, and was caught up in a crevice of the ice. The glacier slid along, melting all the while, and covering the land with clay, pebbles, and boulders. At last it stopped, and as it gradually melted away, all the rocks and stones and dirt it had carried with it thus far, were deposited into one great heap, and the home of the Favosites along with them.

Ages afterwards a farmer, near Toronto, when ploughing a field, picked up a curious bit of "petrified honey-comb," and gave it to a geologist to hear what he would say about it. And now you have read what he said.

D. B.

THE SNOW-STORM

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,

The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow :
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on :
The morning broke without a sun ;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow !
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes and
towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;

A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road ;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendour, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted : “ Boys, a path ! ”
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy ?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew ;
With mitten hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal : we had read
Of rare Aladdin’s wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp’s supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.

The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about ;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led ;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked ;
The horned patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before ;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.

WHITTIER : "Snow-bound."

THE HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES

VERCHÈRES was a fort on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong block-house stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way. On the morning of the twenty-second of October, (1692) the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty,

and a number of women and children. The commandant was on duty at Quebec; his wife was at Montreal; and their daughter, Madeline, fourteen years of age, was at the landing-place not far from the gate of the fort, with a man-servant.

Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the settlers were at work, and an instant after the servant called out: "Run, miss!—run! here come the Indians!" She turned and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol-shot. She ran to the fort as quickly as possible, while the bullets whistled about her ears, and made the time seem very long. As soon as she was near enough to be heard, she cried out: "To arms!—to arms!" hoping that somebody would come out and help her; but it was of no use. The two soldiers in the fort were so scared that they had hidden in the block-house.

When she had seen certain breaches in the palisade stopped, she went to the block-house, where the ammunition was kept; and there she found the two soldiers, one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that match?" she asked. He answered: "Light the powder and blow us all up." "You are a miserable

coward!" said she. "Go out of this place." She then threw off her bonnet, put on a hat, and taking a gun in her hand she said to her two brothers: "Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion."

The boys, who were ten and twelve years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loop-holes on the Indians; who, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighbouring fields. Madeline ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the enemy from an assault, and partly to warn some of the soldiers who were hunting at a distance.

A canoe was presently seen approaching the landing-place. In it was a settler named Fontaine, trying to reach the fort with his family. The Indians were still near, and Madeline feared that the new-comers would be killed if something were not done to aid them. Distrusting the soldiers, she herself went alone to the landing-place.

"I thought," she said, in her account of the affair, "that the savages would suppose it to be

a ruse to draw them towards the fort, in order to make a sortie upon them. They did suppose so; and thus I was able to save the Fontaine family. When they were all landed, I made them march before me in full sight of the enemy. We put so bold a face on it, that they thought they had more to fear than we. Strengthened by this reinforcement, I ordered that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves.

“After sunset a violent north-east wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail, which told us that we should have a terrible night. The Indians were all this time lurking about us; and I judged by all their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of darkness.”

She then assembled her troops, who numbered six, all told, and spoke to them encouraging words. With two old men she took charge of the fort, and sent Fontaine and the two soldiers with the women and children to the block-house. She placed her two brothers on two of the bastions, and an old man on a third, while she herself took charge of the fourth. All night, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, the

cry of “All’s well” was kept up from the block-house to the fort, and from the fort to the block-house. One would have supposed that the place was full of soldiers. The Indians thought so, and were completely deceived, as they afterwards confessed.

At last the daylight came again; and as the darkness disappeared, the anxieties of the little garrison seemed to disappear with it. Fontaine said he would never abandon the place while Madeline remained in it. She declared that she would never abandon it: she would rather die than give it up to the enemy.

She did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours. She did not go once into her father’s house, but kept always on the bastion, except when she went to the block-house to see how the people there were behaving. She always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged her little company with the hope of speedy succour.

“We were a week in constant alarm,” she continues, “with the enemy always about us. At last a lieutenant, sent by the governor, arrived in the night with forty men. As he did not know whether the fort was taken or not, he approached as silently as possible. One of our

sentinels, hearing a slight sound, cried: 'Who goes there?' I was at the time dozing, with my head on a table and my gun lying across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard voices from the river. I went at once to the bastion to see whether they were Indians or Frenchmen who were there. I asked: 'Who are you?' One of them answered: 'We are Frenchmen come to bring you help.'"

"I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw the lieutenant I saluted him, and said: 'I surrender my arms to you.' He answered gallantly: 'They are in good hands, Miss.' He inspected the fort, and found everything in order, and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

A band of converts from St. Louis arrived soon afterwards, followed the trail of their heathen countrymen, overtook them on Lake Champlain, and recovered twenty or more French prisoners.

PARKMAN: "Frontenac and New France."

(Adapted)

JACQUES CARTIER

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn
in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the
westward sailed away ;
In the crowded old Cathedral, all the town were
on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undis-
covered seas ;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle
and pier,
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle
hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round
the day,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the
westward sailed away ;
But no tidings from the absent had come the
way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden
spent ;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and
gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the clos-
ing of the year.

But the earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride ;
In the forests of the North—while his townsmen mourned his loss—
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross ;
And when two months were over, and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold ;
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship ;
He told them of the frozen scene, until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make them better cheer.
But when he changed the strain,—he told how soon is cast

In early Spring, the fetters that hold the waters
fast;
How the Winter causeway, broken, is drifted out
to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the
anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of Summer clad the land-
scape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when they wake
in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the
hunters of the wild;
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks
her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living
thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worship-
ping;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for
him to breathe upon;
And of the wonders wrought for them, thro' the
Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current
gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's
briny wave;

He told them of the glorious scene presented to
his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on
Hochelaga's height;
And of the fortress cliff, that keeps of Canada
the key;—
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from
perils over sea.

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE

ANTS AND THEIR SLAVES

PETER HUBER, the son of the noted observer of the ways and habits of bees, was walking one day in a field near Geneva, Switzerland, when he saw on the ground an army of reddish-coloured ants on the march. He decided to follow them and to find out, if possible, the object of their journey.

On the sides of the column, as if to keep it in order, a few of the insects sped to and fro. After marching for about a quarter of an hour, the army halted before an ant-hill, the home of a colony of small, black ants. These swarmed out to meet the red ones, and, to Huber's surprise, a combat, short but fierce, took place at the foot of the hill.

A small number of the blacks fought bravely to the last, but the rest soon fled, panic-stricken, through the gates farthest from the battle-field, carrying away some of their young. They seemed to know it was the young ants that the invaders were seeking. The red warriors quickly forced their way into the tiny city and returned, loaded with children of the blacks.

Carrying their living booty, the kidnappers left the pillaged town and started toward their home, whither Huber followed them. Great was his astonishment when, at the threshold of the red ants' dwelling, he saw numbers of black ants come forward to receive the young captives and to welcome them—children of their own race, doomed to be bond-servants in a strange land.

Here, then, was a miniature city, in which strong red ants lived in peace with small black ones. But what was the province of the latter? Huber soon discovered that, in fact, these did all the work. They alone were able to build the houses in which both races lived; they alone brought up the young red ants and the captives of their own species; they alone gathered the supplies of food, and waited upon and fed their big masters, who were glad to have their little waiters feed them so attentively.

The masters themselves had no occupation except that of war. When not raiding some village of the blacks, the red soldiers did nothing but wander lazily about.

Huber wanted to learn what would be the result if the red ants found themselves without servants. Would the big creatures know how to supply their own needs? He put a few of the red insects in a glass case, having some honey in a corner. They did not go near it. They did not know enough to feed themselves. Some of them died of starvation, with food before them. Then he put into the case one black ant. It went straight to the honey, and with it fed its big, starving, silly masters. Here was a wonder, truly!

The little blacks exert in many things a moral force whose signs are plainly visible. For example, those tiny wise creatures will not give permission to any of the great red ones to go out alone. Nor are these at liberty to go out even in a body, if their small helpers fear a storm, or if the day is far advanced. When a raid proves fruitless, the soldiers coming back without any living booty are forbidden by the blacks to enter the city, and are ordered to attack some other village.

Not wishing to rely entirely on his own conclusions, Huber asked one of the great naturalists of Switzerland, Jurine, to decide whether or not mistakes had been made regarding these customs of the ants. This witness, and indeed others, found that Huber's reports were true.

"Yet, after all," says Huber, "I still doubted. But on a later day I again saw in the park of Fontainebleau, near Paris, the same workings of ant life and wisdom. A well-known naturalist was with me then, and his conclusions were the same as mine.

"It was half-past four in the afternoon of a very warm day. From a pile of stones there came forth a column of about five hundred reddish ants. They marched rapidly toward a field of turf, order in their ranks being kept by their sergeants. These watched the flanks, and would not permit any to straggle.

"Suddenly the army disappeared. There was no sign of an ant-hill in the turf, but, after awhile, we detected a little hole. Through this the ants had vanished. We supposed it was an entrance to their home. In a minute they showed us that our supposition was incorrect. They issued in a throng, nearly every one of them carrying a small black captive.

"From the short time they had taken, it was plain that they knew the place and the weakness of its citizens. Perhaps it was not the reds' first attack on this city of the little blacks. These swarmed out in great numbers; and, truly, I pitied them. They did not attempt to fight. They seemed terror-stricken, and made no attempt to oppose the warrior ants, except by clinging to them. One of the marauders was stopped thus, but a comrade that was free relieved him of his burden, and thereupon the black ant let go his grasp.

"It was in fact a painful sight. The soldiers succeeded in carrying off nearly five hundred children. About three feet from the entrance to the ant-hill the plundered black parents ceased to follow the red robbers, and resigned themselves to the loss of their young. The whole raid did not occupy more than ten minutes.

"The parties were, as we have seen, very unequal in strength, and the attack was clearly an outrage—an outrage no doubt often repeated. The big red ants, knowing their power, played the part of tyrants; and, whenever they wanted more slaves, despoiled the small weak blacks of their greatest treasures—their children."

MICHELET

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day ; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

NEWMAN

THE JOLLY SANDBOYS

THE Jolly Sandboys was a small road-side inn with a sign, representing three Sandboys, creaking and swinging on its post on the opposite side of the road. As the travellers had observed many indications of their drawing nearer to the race town, such as gypsy camps, showmen of various kinds and beggars and trampers of every degree, Mr. Codlin was fearful of finding the accommodation forestalled; but had the gratification of finding that his fears were without foundation, for the landlord was leaning against the door-post, looking lazily at the rain which had begun to descend heavily.

"Make haste in out of the wet, Tom," said the landlord; "when it came on to rain I told 'em to make the fire up, and there's a glorious blaze in the kitchen, I can tell you."

Mr. Codlin followed with a willing mind. A mighty fire was blazing on the hearth and roaring up the wide chimney with a cheerful sound, which a large iron cauldron, bubbling and simmering in the heat, lent its pleasant aid to swell. There was a deep red ruddy blush upon the room, and when the landlord stirred

the fire, sending the flame skipping and leaping up—when he took off the lid of the iron pot and there rushed out a savoury smell, while the bubbling sound grew deeper and more rich, and an unctuous steam came floating out, hanging in a delicious mist above their heads—when he did this, Mr. Codlin's heart was touched.

He sat down in the chimney-corner and smiled.

Mr. Codlin sat smiling in the chimney-corner, eyeing the landlord as with a roguish look he held the cover in his hand, and feigning that his doing so was needful to the welfare of the cookery, suffered the delightful steam to tickle the nostrils of his guest. The glow of the fire was upon the landlord's bald head, and upon his twinkling eye, and upon his watering mouth, and upon his pimpled face, and upon his round fat figure. Mr. Codlin drew his sleeve across his lips, and said in a murmuring voice: "What is it?"

"It's a stew of tripe," said the landlord, smacking his lips, "and cow-heel," smacking them again, "and bacon," smacking them once more, "and steak," smacking them for the fourth time, "and peas, cauliflowers, new potatoes, and sparrow-grass, all working up together

in one delicious gravy.” Having come to the climax, he smacked his lips a great many times, and taking a long, hearty sniff of the fragrance that was hovering about, put on the cover again with the air of one whose toils on earth were over.

“At what time will it be ready?” asked Mr. Codlin, faintly.

“It’ll be done to a turn,” said the landlord looking up to the clock—and the very clock had a colour in its fat white face, and looked a clock for Jolly Sandboys to consult—“it’ll be done to a turn at twenty-two minutes before eleven.”

Mr. Codlin now bethought him of his companions, and acquainted mine host of the Sandboys that his partner Short, Nell and her grandfather might shortly be looked for. At length they arrived drenched with rain and presenting a most miserable appearance. But their steps were no sooner heard upon the road than the landlord, who had been at the outer door anxiously watching for their coming, rushed into the kitchen and took the cover off. The effect was electrical. They all came in with smiling faces though the wet was dripping from their clothes upon the floor, and Short’s first remark was: “What a delicious smell!”

It is not very difficult to forget rain and mud by the side of a cheerful fire, and in a bright room. They were furnished with slippers and such dry garments as the house or their own bundles afforded, and seating themselves, as Mr. Codlin had already done, in the warm chimney-corner, soon forgot their late troubles or only remembered them as enhancing the delights of the present time.

Strange footsteps were now heard without, and fresh company entered. These were no other than four very dismal dogs, who came pattering in one after the other, headed by an old bandy dog of particularly mournful aspect, who, stopping when the last of his followers had got as far as the door, erected himself upon his hind legs and looked round at his companions, who immediately stood upon their hind legs, in a grave and melancholy row. Nor was this the only remarkable circumstance about these dogs, for each of them wore a kind of little coat of some gaudy colour trimmed with tarnished spangles, and one of them had a cap upon his head, tied very carefully under his chin, which had fallen down upon his nose and completely obscured one eye; add to this, that the gaudy coats were all wet through and discoloured with

rain, and that the wearers were splashed and dirty, and some idea may be formed of the unusual appearance of these new visitors to the Jolly Sandboys.

Neither Short nor the landlord nor Thomas Codlin, however, was in the least surprised, merely remarking that these were Jerry's dogs, and that Jerry could not be far behind. So there the dogs stood, patiently winking and gaping and looking extremely hard at the boiling pot, until Jerry himself appeared, when they all dropped down at once, and walked about the room in their natural manner. This posture, it must be confessed, did not much improve their appearance, as their own personal tails and their coat tails—both capital things in their way—did not agree together.

Jerry, the manager of these dancing dogs, was a tall black-whiskered man in a velveteen coat, who seemed well known to the landlord and his guests and accosted them with great cordiality. Disencumbering himself of a barrel organ which he placed upon a chair, and retaining in his hand a small whip wherewith to awe his company of comedians, he came up to the fire to dry himself, and entered into conversation.

“Your people don't usually travel in character,

do they?" said Short, pointing to the dresses of the dogs. "It must come expensive, if they do."

"No," replied Jerry, "no, it's not the custom with us. But we've been playing a little on the road to-day, and we come out with a new wardrobe at the races, so I didn't think it worth while to stop to undress. Down, Pedro!"

This was addressed to the dog with the cap on, who being a new member of the company, and not quite certain of his duty, kept his unobscured eye anxiously on his master, and was perpetually starting up on his hind legs when there was no occasion, and falling down again.

The landlord now busied himself in laying the cloth, in which process Mr. Codlin obligingly assisted by setting forth his own knife and fork in the most convenient place and establishing himself behind them. When everything was ready, the landlord took off the cover for the last time, and then indeed there burst forth such a goodly promise of supper, that if he had offered to put it on again or had hinted at postponement, he would certainly have been sacrificed on his own hearth.

However, he did nothing of the kind, but instead assisted a stout servant girl in turning the contents of the cauldron into a large tureen;

a proceeding which the dogs, proof against various hot splashes which fell upon their noses, watched with terrible eagerness. At length the dish was lifted on the table, and mugs of ale having been previously set round, little Nell ventured to say grace, and supper began.

At this juncture the poor dogs were standing on their hind legs quite surprisingly ; the child, having pity on them, was about to cast some morsels of food to them before she tasted it herself, hungry though she was, when their master interposed.

“ No, my dear, no, not an atom from anybody’s hand but mine if you please. That dog,” said Jerry, pointing out the old leader of the troop, and speaking in a terrible voice, “ lost a halfpenny to-day. *He* goes without his supper.”

The unfortunate creature dropped upon his forelegs directly, wagged his tail, and looked imploringly at his master.

“ You must be more careful, sir,” said Jerry, walking coolly to the chair where he had placed the organ, and setting the stop. “ Come here. Now, sir, you play away at that, while we have supper, and leave off if you dare.”

The dog immediately began to grind most mournful music. His master having shown

him the whip, resumed his seat and called up the others, who, at his directions, formed in a row, standing upright as a file of soldiers.

“Now, gentlemen,” said Jerry, looking at them attentively: “The dog whose name’s called, eats. The dogs whose names an’t called, keep quiet. Carlo.”

The lucky individual whose name was called, snapped up the morsel thrown towards him, but none of the others moved a muscle. In this manner they were fed at the discretion of their master. Meanwhile the dog in disgrace ground hard at the organ, sometimes in quick time, sometimes in slow, but never leaving off for an instant. When the knives and forks rattled very much, or any of his fellows got an unusually large piece of fat, he accompanied the music with a short howl, but he immediately checked it on his master looking round, and applied himself with increased diligence to the Old Hundredth.

DICKENS : “Old Curiosity Shop.”

So, when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

LONGFELLOW

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming
ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and
wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the
sky;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green
vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves on that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the
flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the
sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

BRYANT

OLD ENGLISH LIFE

WHEN the sun rose on England of olden time, its faint red light stirred every sleeper from the sack of straw, which formed the only bed of the age. Springing from this rustling couch, where he had lain naked, and throwing off the coarse coverlets, usually of sheepskin, the subjects of King Alfred donned the day's dress. Gentlemen wore linen or woollen tunics, which reached to the knee; and, over these, long fur-lined cloaks, fastened with a brooch of ivory or gold. Strips of cloth or leather, bandaged crosswise from the ankle to the knee over red and blue stockings; and black, pointed shoes, slit along the instep almost to the toes and fastened with two thongs, completed the costume of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman. The ladies, wrapping a veil of linen or silk upon their delicate curls, laced a loose-flowing gown over a tight-sleeved bodice, and pinned the graceful

folds of their mantles with golden butterflies and other tasteful trinkets.

Breakfast consisted probably of bread, meat, and ale, but was a lighter repast than that taken when the hurry of the day lay behind. Often it was eaten in the bower or private apartment.

The central picture in Old English life—the great event of the day—was *Noon-meat*, or dinner in the great hall. A little before three, the chief and all his household, with any stray guests who might have dropped in, met in the hall, which stood in the centre of its encircling bowers—the principal apartment of every Old English house. Clouds of wood smoke, rolling up from a fire which blazed in the middle of the floor, blackened the carved rafters of the arched roof before it found its way out of the hole above which did duty as a chimney.

Tapestries, dyed purple, or glowing with variegated pictures of saints and heroes, hung, and if the day was stormy, flapped upon the chinky walls. In palaces and in earls' mansions coloured tiles, wrought into a mosaic, formed a clean and pretty pavement; but the common flooring of the time was clay, baked dry with the heat of winter evenings and summer noons.

The only articles of furniture always in the hall were wooden benches; some of which, especially the *high settle* or seat of the chieftain, boasted cushions, or at least a rug.

While the hungry crowd, fresh from woodland and furrow, were lounging near the fire or hanging up their weapons on the pegs and hooks that jutted from the wall, a number of slaves, dragging in a long, flat, heavy board, placed it on movable legs, and spread on its upper half a handsome cloth. Then were arranged with other utensils for the meal some flattish dishes, baskets of ash-wood for holding bread, a scanty sprinkling of steel knives shaped like our modern razors, platters of wood, and bowls for the universal broth.

The ceremony of "laying the board," as the Old English phrased it, being completed, the work of demolition began. Great round cakes of bread—huge junks of boiled bacon—vast rolls of broiled eel—cups of milk—horns of ale—wedges of cheese—lumps of salt butter—and smoking piles of cabbages and beans, melted like magic from the board under the united attack of greasy fingers and grinding jaws. Kneeling slaves offered to the lord and his honoured guests long skewers or spits, on which

steaks of beef or venison smoked and sputtered, ready for the hacking blade.

Poultry, too, and game of every variety, filled the spaces of the upper board ; but the crowd of *loaf-eaters*, as old English domestics were suggestively called, saw little of these daintier kinds of food, except the naked bones. Nor did they much care, if, to their innumerable hunches of bread, they could add enough pig to appease their hunger. Hounds, sitting eager-eyed by their masters, snapped with sudden jaws at scraps of fat flung to them, or retired into private life below the board with some sweet bone that fortune sent them.

The solid part of the banquet ended with the washing of hands, performed for the honoured occupants of the high settle by officious slaves. The board was then dragged out of the hall ; the loaf-eaters slunk away to have a nap in the byre, or sat drowsily in corners of the hall ; and the drinking began. During the progress of the meal, Welsh ale had flowed freely in horns or vessels of twisted glass. Mead and, in very grand houses, wine now began to circle in goblets of gold and silver, or of wood inlaid with those precious metals. In humbler houses, story-telling and songs, sung to the music of the

harp by each guest in turn, formed the principal amusement of the drinking-bout.

Meantime the music and the mead did their work in maddening brains ; the revelry grew louder ; riddles, which had flown thick around the board at first, gave place to banter, taunts, and fierce boasts of prowess ; angry eyes gleamed defiance ; and it was well if, in the morning, the household slaves had not to wash blood-stains from the pavement of the hall, or in the still night, when the drunken brawlers lay stupid on the floor, to drag a dead man from the red plash in which he lay.

From the reek and riot of the hall the ladies of the household soon withdrew to the bower, where they reigned supreme. There, in the earlier part of the day, they had arrayed themselves in their bright-coloured robes, plying tweezers and crisping-irons on their yellow hair, and often heightening the blush that Nature gave them with a shade of rouge. There, too, they used to scold their female slaves, and beat them, with a violence which said more for their strength of lung and muscle than for the gentleness of their womanhood.

When their needles were fairly set a-going upon those pieces of delicate embroidery, known

and prized over all Europe as “English work,” some gentlemen dropped in, perhaps harp in hand, to chat and play for their amusement, or to engage in games of hazard and skill, which seem to have resembled modern dice and chess. When in later days supper came into fashion, the round table of the bower was usually spread for *Evening-food*, as this meal was called. And not long afterwards, those bags of straw, from which they sprang at sunrise, received for another night their human burden, worn out with the labours and the revels of the day.

W. F. COLLIER

(Adapted)

PUCK'S SONG

SEE you the dimpled track that runs,
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

See you our little mill that clacks,
So busy by the brook?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside?

O that was where the Saxons broke,
On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy levels spread
About the gates of Rye?

O that was where the Northmen fled,
When Alfred's ships came by.

See you our pastures wide and lone,
Where the red oxen browse?

O there was a City thronged and known,
Ere London boasted a house.

And see you, after rain, the trace
Of mound and ditch and wall?

O that was a Legion's camping-place,
When Caesar sailed from Gaul.

And see you marks that show and fade,
Like shadows on the Downs?

O they are the lines the Flint Men made,
To guard their wondrous towns.

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt Marsh where now is corn;
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born!

She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
Where you and I will fare.

KIPLING : "Puck of Pook's Hill."

THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS

THE thirteenth of October, 1812, is a day ever to be remembered in Canada. All along the Niagara river the greatest excitement had prevailed: many of the inhabitants had removed with their portable property into the back country; small bodies of soldiers, regulars and volunteers, were posted in the towns and villages; Indians were roving in the adjacent woods; and sentinels, posted along the banks of the river, were looking eagerly for the enemy that was to come from the American shore and attempt the subjugation of a free, a happy, and a loyal people.

In the village of Queenston, that nestles at the foot of an eminence overlooking the mighty waters of Niagara, two companies of the Forty-ninth Regiment, or "Green Tigers," as the Americans afterwards termed them, with one

hundred Canadian militia, were posted under the command of Captain Dennis.

When tattoo sounded on the night of the twelfth, the little garrison retired to rest. All was silent but the elements, which raged furiously throughout the night. Nothing was to be heard but the howling of the wind and the sound of falling rain mingled with the distant roar of the great cataract. Dripping with rain and shivering with cold, the sentries paced their weary rounds, from time to time casting a glance over the swollen tide of the river towards the American shore. At length, when the gray dawn of morning appeared, a wary sentinel descried a number of boats, filled with armed men, pushing off from the opposite bank below the village of Lewiston. Immediately the alarm was given. The soldiers were roused from their peaceful slumbers, and marched down to the landing-place. Meanwhile a battery of one gun, posted on the heights, and another about a mile below, began to play on the enemy's boats, sinking some and disabling others.

Finding it impossible to effect a landing in the face of such opposition, the Americans, leaving a few of their number to occupy the attention of the troops on the bank, disembarked

some distance up the river, and succeeded in gaining the summit of the height by a difficult and unprotected pathway. With loud cheers they captured the one-gun battery, and rushed down upon Captain Dennis and his command ; who, finding themselves far outnumbered by the enemy, retired slowly towards the north end of the village. Here they were met by General Brock, who had set out in advance of reinforcements from the town of Niagara, accompanied only by two officers. Placing himself at the head of the little band, the gallant general cried : “Follow me !” and amid the cheers of regulars and militia he led his men back to the height from which they had been forced to retire. At the foot of the hill the general dismounted, under the sharp fire of the enemy’s riflemen, who were posted among the trees on its summit, climbed over a high stone wall, and waving his sword, charged up the hill at the head of his soldiers. This intrepid conduct at once attracted the notice of the enemy. One of their sharp-shooters advanced a few paces, took deliberate aim, and shot the general in the breast. It was a mortal wound. Thus fell Sir Isaac Brock, the hero of Upper Canada, whose name will outlive the noble monument which a

grateful country has erected to his memory.

The fall of their beloved commander infuriated his followers. With loud cheers of "Revenge the general!" they pressed forward up the hill, and drove the enemy from their position. But reinforcements were continually pouring in from the American shore; and after a deadly struggle, in which Colonel Macdonell, Captain Dennis, and most of the other officers fell, these brave men were again compelled to retire. They took refuge under the guns of the lower battery, there awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Niagara. About mid-day the first of these arrived, consisting of a band of fifty Mohawks, under their chiefs, Norton and Brant. These Indian allies boldly engaged the enemy, and maintained for a short time a sharp skirmish, but finally retired on the main reinforcement. This arrived in the course of the afternoon, under the command of Major-General Sheaffe. Instead of meeting the enemy on the old ground, the officer now in command moved his whole force of one thousand men to the right of the enemy's position, and sent forward his left flank to attack the American right. This left flank was of a very varied character, consisting of one company of the Forty-first Regiment of

the line, a company of coloured men, and a body of volunteer militia and Indians, united, in spite of their difference of colour and race, by loyalty to the British crown and heart-hatred of foreign aggression. This division advanced in gallant style. After delivering a volley, the whole line of white, red, and black charged the enemy, and drove in his right wing at the point of the bayonet.

General Sheaffe now led on the main body, and forced the lately victorious Americans to retreat rapidly over the ridge. The struggle on their part was of short duration. In front was a foe thirsting for revenge; behind, the steep banks and swiftly-flowing waters of Niagara. The "Green Tigers," the Indians, their most despised slaves, and last, but certainly not least, the gallant Canadian militia, were objects of terror to them. Some few in despair threw themselves over the precipices into the river; but the majority of the survivors surrendered themselves prisoners of war, to the number of nine hundred and fifty, among whom was their commander, General Wadsworth. The leader of the expedition, General Van Rensselaer, had retired to Lewiston—as he said, for reinforcements—in the early part of the day. The loss

of the Americans in this memorable action was about five hundred killed and wounded ; while that of the Canadian forces amounted to one hundred and fifty.

Throughout Canada the news of the victory of Queenston Heights awakened universal joy and enthusiasm, second only to that with which the taking of Detroit was hailed. But the joy and enthusiasm were damped by the sad tidings, that he who had first taught Canada's sons the way to victory had given his life for her defence, and slept in a soldier's grave with many of her best and bravest.

UNKNOWN

THE BUGLE SONG

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying,
dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,
dying.

TENNYSON

CHARITY

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly,

seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceeth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

I. CORINTHIANS, XIII.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

“WHAT means this glory round our feet,”

The Magi mused, “more bright than morn?”
And voices chanted clear and sweet,

“To-day the Prince of Peace is born.”

“ What means that star,” the Shepherds said,
“ That brightens through the rocky glen ? ”
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, “ Peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb ;
We wait for Him, like them of yore ;
Alas, He seems so slow to come !

But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our living wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly, hand in hand,
Sing, “ Peace on earth, good-will to men.”

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn
Shall daily hear the angel song,
“ To-day the Prince of Peace is born ! ”

LOWELL

THE BARREN LANDS

LONG before the treeless wastes are reached, the forests cease to be forests except by courtesy. The trees—black and white spruce, the Canadian larch, and the gray pine, willow, alder, etc.—have an appearance of youth; so that the traveller would hardly suppose them to be more than a few years old, at first sight. Really this juvenile appearance is a species of second childhood; for, on the shores of the Great Bear Lake, four centuries are necessary for the growth of a trunk not as thick as a man's wrist. The further north the more lamentably decrepit becomes the appearance of these woodlands, until, presently, their sordidness is veiled by thick growths of gray lichens—the “caribou moss,” as it is called—which clothe the trunks and hang down from the shrivelled boughs. And still further north the trees become mere stunted stems, set with blighted buds that have never been able to develop themselves into branches; until, finally, the last vestiges of arboreal growth take refuge under a thick carpet of lichens and mosses, the characteristic vegetation of the Barren Grounds.

Nothing more dismal than the winter aspect of these wastes can be imagined. The Northern forests are silent enough in winter time, but the silence of the Barren Grounds is far more profound. Even in the depths of midwinter the North-Western bush has voices and is full of animal life. The barking cry of the crows (these birds are the greatest imaginable nuisance to the trapper, whose baits they steal even before his back is turned) is still heard ; the snow birds and other small winged creatures are never quiet between sunset and sunrise ; the jack-rabbit, whose black bead-like eye betrays his presence among the snow drifts in spite of his snow-white fur, is common enough ; and the childlike wailing of the coyotes is heard every night. But with the exception of the shriek of the snow-owl or the yelping of a fox emerged from his lair, there is no sound of life during seven or eight or nine months of winter on the Barren Grounds ; unless the traveller is able to hear the rushing sound—some can hear it, others cannot—of the shifting Northern lights.

In May, however, when the snows melt and the swamps begin to thaw, the Barren Grounds become full of life. To begin with, the sky is literally darkened with enormous flights of

wildfowl, whom instinct brings from the southern reaches of the Mississippi and its tributaries to these sub-Arctic wildernesses, where they find an abundance of food, and at the same time build their nests and rear their young in safety. The snow-geese are the first to arrive; next come the common and eider-duck; after them the great northern black-and-red-throated divers; and last of all the pin-tail and the long-tail ducks. Some of these go no further than just beyond the outskirts of the forest region; others, flying further northward, lay their eggs in the open on the moss. Eagles and hawks prey on these migratory hosts; troops of ptarmigan (they are said to go to no place where the mercury does not freeze) seek food among the stunted willows on the shores of the lakes and sloughs; and in sunny weather the snow-bunting's song is heard.

Soon after the arrival of the migratory birds the wilderness becomes newly clothed in green and gray. The snow, which never once thaws during the long winter, forms a safe protection for vegetable life.

As soon as the lengthening summer's day has thawed this coverlet of snows, vegetation comes on at a surprising rate—a week's sunshine on

the wet soil completely transforming the aspect of the country. It is then that the caribou leave their winter quarters in the forest region and journey to the Barren Grounds.

Just as the prairies might have been called "Buffalo-land" thirty years ago, and the intervening enforested country may still be styled "Moose-land"—not that the moose is nearly so common in Saskatchewan and Athabaska as it was before the rebellion of 1885 opened up that country—so from the hunter's point of view "Caribou-land" would be an exceedingly apt name for the *tundra* of Greater Canada. Only the Indians and the Eskimos (the former living on the confines of the forests, and the latter along the far Arctic coasts) visit these territories, and but for the presence of the vast herds of caribou, it is pretty certain that such mosquito-haunted wastes would never be trodden by man. It is true that the musk-ox is an important inhabitant of the wastes, but the numbers of that strange beast, which seems to be half sheep, half ox, are not nearly so great, and there are reasons to believe that it is being slowly but surely driven from its ancient pastures by the caribou, just as, in so many parts of the world, the nations of the antelope have receded before the deer-tribes.

E. B. OSBORN: "Greater Canada."

A SPRING MORNING

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods:
But now the sun is rising calm and bright,
The birds are singing in the distant woods,
Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods,
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters,
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of
waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors,
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth,
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on the
moors

The hare is running races in her mirth ;
And with her feet, she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth
run.

WORDSWORTH

FOR, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and
gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time
of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of
the turtle is heard in our land.

SOLomon's SONG, II. 11, 12

CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

TENNYSON

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